

Don Juan
by James Elroy Flecker

Author **Flecker, H.J.E.**
Class. No. **PR 6011.L62**
Accession No. **100157**

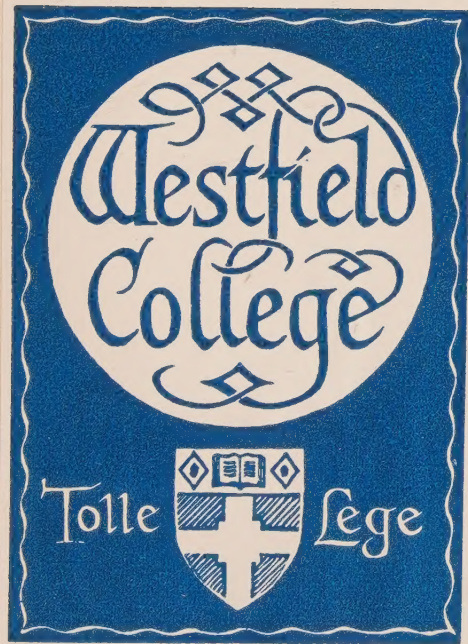


BETTY ROSE BRADFORD.

QMW LIBRARY



23 0933739 9



WITHDRAWN
FROM STOCK
QMW LIBRARY



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024

00157
5.4.73

DON JUAN

By
JAMES ELROY FLECKER

HASSAN

THE STORY OF HASSAN OF BAGHDAD
AND HOW HE CAME TO MAKE THE
GOLDEN JOURNEY TO SAMARKAND

A Play in Five Acts

WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD.

DON JUAN

A Play in Three Acts

By
JAMES ELROY FLECKER

WITH A PREFACE BY
HELLÉ FLECKER



London : William Heinemann Ltd.



First published October, 1925
New Impression, November, 1925

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO., LTD.,
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, GLASGOW.

PREFACE

J. E. FLECKER spent the winter of 1910-11 in England on sick leave after an attack of the disease which declared itself while he was in his first consular post at Constantinople in September, 1910. In November of that year I received from the Cotswold Sanatorium a poem "Don Juan from the Shadows" that held in a condensed form the subject of the present play, and which later on, after some polishing and compressing, became "Don Juan Declaims," and then formed the closing piece of the second act.

While he was still working at this poem he wrote on November 24th :

"... My Don Juan is the modern idealist. It was obvious to treat him so—but can you tell me who has done it? For I'm sick of writing pretty lyrics—I want to write a gorgeous play on him. I've read nothing on him except a column in my little encyclopedia. I haven't seen Mozart, I haven't read Molière. I must get hold of the literature, all I know is Baudelaire's fine sonnet."

Some days later he wrote to say he had received from his bookseller 'a splendid book,' *La Légende*

P R E F A C E

de Don Juan by Gendarme de Bévotte, which he found contained all he wanted about the subject. The following letter written at the time to his friend, Mr. Frank Savery—by whose kind permission it is here given—clearly explains the genesis of the poem and thence of the play.

THE COTSWOLD SANATORIUM,

November 1910.

“ I am getting better and better. I am corresponding with three women at once. Its the old game, Franko. The one I love likes me, I like the one who loves me, and the other fascinates and repels me alternate days. . . . And the result of it all is, o my Franko, that I send you by the same post a poem ‘ Don Juan from the Shadows,’ which you will see at once is my masterpiece. . . . I wrote ‘ Don Juan ’ knowing nothing about him : never having so much as read Molière. Now I have read his *marvellous* play ‘ Don Juan ou le Festin de Pierre.’ I am reading all about the legend in a French monograph of enormous length, and o Frank my life’s work is decided on—a play on Don Juan rivalling in aim Faust and Peer Gynt.

Of course my conception will be modern. I shall portray D. J. utterly disappointed in his grande passion seeking refuge from sickly and decadent despair first in the world and in the passion for humanity and justice, then questioning religion, then ordinary morality until finally he becomes an utter sadist. Then comes the statue, which is the miracle, to make him doubt reason itself, and he dies bravely.

P R E F A C E

I doubt very much if I can do anything so big as this. But I am sick of writing little petty lyrics. When I read immortal stuff like Browning I am miserable, thinking of the poverty of my language and ideas."

In January, 1911, the poet, apparently completely cured after a three months' treatment at the Cotswold Sanatorium, went over to Paris. During his stay there he worked very hard at the play with that passionate eagerness to get things finished which was characteristic of him and is so pathetic to remember for those who witnessed it without, at the time, realising the foreboding. The beautiful "Epithalamion" was written in a diminutive sitting-room adjoining his room and giving on to the noisy Avenue Wagram near the Etoile. He was to leave for the East in March, and returned to London in February and wrote from there on the 22nd :

"I am deadly afraid I can't finish the play just yet. I have not yet begun the last scene, and it's all got to be typed and heaven knows what. . . ."

CAMBRIDGE, *February 25th.*

"I'm working passionately at the play and yet have only just finished the second act. The second act is very much better than the first most people think. I think I can get the third act done in a week."

P R E F A C E

In fact, before leaving London on March 10th he had succeeded not only in finishing the play and having it typed, but also in getting it read by Bernard Shaw and Herbert Trench, as the following letter to Mr. Savery states :

PARIS, *March 1911.*

" I finished my play *Don Juan* on Tuesday, revised it Wednesday, gave it to Bernard Shaw to read Friday, got it back with a letter and got a letter to Trench, lessee of the Haymarket Theatre, Monday ; sent it to Trench Tuesday, got an appointment with Trench Thursday and found he had read it and went off to Paris the same night.

Bernard Shaw wrote : ' You have great qualities for writing for the stage—some of the highest in fact. One scene (with *Tisbea*, Act. III.) is one of the best I have ever read, it is in fact a stroke of genius. I find it difficult to advise you. Your play is too rough for the commercial stage—you ought to try the Little Theatre ' (just what I *won't* do). Trench said the same thing, but was very flattering and hopeful. ' Don't give up writing for the stage,' he said, ' I will read carefully everything you submit. I can't commission the play from you, but if you revise it—at present it is too *décousu*—I will read it again carefully. It contains most beautiful poetry.' Not bad for a beginner ! "

This letter, which G. B. Shaw wrote after reading *Don Juan*, is, we believe, interesting enough to be given textually, with its author's kind permission. Both the criticism and the praise were

P R E F A C E

much appreciated by the poet and encouraged him to try again writing for the stage.

AYOT ST. LAWRENCE,
6th March 1911.

DEAR MR. FLECKER,

I really don't know how to advise you about this play. It is too fantastic and in bits too lacking in trade finish and conventional presentability for a regular commercial production ; and yet it is too good to be shelved. Some of the little clubs of playgoers and playgivers should tackle it.

There is no doubt in my mind that you have high qualifications for dramatic work—some of the highest, in fact. I withdraw what I said about pantomime verse : on reading the whole play I see nothing to complain of but a few careless verses. The worst scene is the argument of Don Juan with the labour leader, which is not knowledgable. Evans is only a vague hotchpotch of the newspaper notions of half-a-dozen different types of crank and is not really conceived by you as a human being from his own point of view as the others are, though even he has a good passage or two. The last act contains one of the best scenes I have ever read—that with Tisbea. It is a stroke of genius.

You had better go on making a fool of yourself for ten years or so and see what will come of it. The battle is not certain to end in victory yet ; for at your age people sometimes make astonishingly fine flashes in the pan that they never repeat. But with common sense and accurate knowledge of the world—tact and experience, to put it vulgarly—you ought to go far ; for you certainly have the trump cards. Only do, for Heaven's sake, remember

P R E F A C E

that there are plenty of geniuses about, and that the real difficulty is to find writers who are sober, honest, and industrious and have been for many years in their last situation.

Yours sincerely,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

Early in 1911 my husband had sent a copy of "Don Juan" to Mr. Frank Savery, who returned it to him in Constantinople after copiously annotating it. While in Corfu in June of the same year he revised the play, but, as he wrote to Mr. Savery, he was not very "obedient" to his friend's suggestions. He polished the whole, and rewrote a great part of the third scene of the first act, shortening the scene between Don Pedro and Owen Jones (which in the first version was placed in Don Pedro's London residence), and improved the parting scene between Don Juan and Tisbea; then the play was once more posted to London to be typed and the copies were to be sent round to different managers. But nothing came out of these endeavours to find a producer, and soon my husband was engrossed in writing "Hassan," and "Don Juan" was laid aside. Later on, when "Hassan" had been finished, he turned again to

P R E F A C E

his first play ; he wrote to Mr. Savery in a letter from Montana, dated March, 1914 :

“ . . . as I feel a bit alive again I've begun seriously re-vising Don Juan. . . . The last act wants re-writing absolutely. But I am quite surprised at the excellency of some passages—almost disappointed indeed to find that after three years I cannot better them at all.”

This last revision did not go on for long. Increasing ill-health and successive moves to Locarno, then to Davos, and a feeling that the play was at the same time too good and too bad (“ I can't do anything with that impossible Don Juan ” he used to say) made him abandon the idea of re-writing it, so that the present text does not differ from the version completed in Corfu in the summer 1911.

HELLÉ FLECKER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DON JUAN, a young Nobleman.

DON PEDRO, Father to Don Juan.

OWEN JONES, a Welshman.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM, the Conservative Prime Minister.

HIS STATUE.

ROBERT EVANS, a Radical-Socialist Leader.

CHARLEY and } two middle-aged gentlemen who do not
CHARLEY'S FRIEND, } dance.

THE CAPTAIN, MATE, and SEAMEN OF A TRAMP STEAMER.

HARRY, a Seaman.

MINERS.

A BLACKLEG.

A CHAUFFEUR.

MUTE.

TISEEA, a Fisher Lass.

LADY ISABELLA, Daughter of Lord Framlingham, a Beauty.

LADY ANNA, her Ugly Sister.

A LITTLE GIRL.

THE MOTHER OF THE LITTLE GIRL.

STAGE DIRECTION FOR ACT I. SCENE I.

THIS scene takes place in complete darkness ; the two small mast lights of the steamer do not illuminate anything. None of the characters to be visible to the audience save DON JUAN and OWEN JONES, who are illuminated for a second by a flash.

To attain the right atmosphere, a suitable overture should continue right into the scene and blend into the tune which OWEN JONES plays on his violin.

DON JUAN

ACT I

SCENE I

Into darkness amidst a great howling of wind and sea swing the lights of a steamer. A rending sound, shouts, clang of the large bell, the lights give a jerk back and stop. It is too dark to distinguish the outlines of the steamer or the figures on deck.

1ST SEAMAN

We're on ! Damn !

2ND SEAMAN

By God, on what ?

1ST SEAMAN

Dead man's neb for sure, and I'm another.
(*Hauls at a creaking rope.*)

2ND SEAMAN

Chuck it ! Those rocks have done for us.

1ST SEAMAN

She can't last long ; she's got her bottom stove in.

DON JUAN

MATE

Get to work there, men, and stop talking.
We'll have to run for it.

Piercing shrieks from deck.

1ST SEAMAN

Hell take those women !

HARRY

(*Grimly*) It soon will. (*He has a low preternaturally ominous voice.*)

1ST SEAMAN

How the blazes can one think what one's doing
with all that blasted clacking going on ?

HARRY

It will stop. This comes of shipping in a
bloody barge.

Sound of weird fiddling.

Oh hell, as soon as the women shut up, old
Owen begins. Stow it, Owen Jones.

OWEN JONES

(*In a very shrill strange voice with a light Welsh accent*) I told you, Harree, we should have no
luck whatefer this voyage. If ever I saw Jonah

DON JUAN

it's that handsome young man we shipped at Cadiz.

The lights settle down with a lurch, more shrieks.

I tell you we're all dead drowned cold men that will never sit by a fire again, and that not seven hundred yards from shore. (*Continues fiddling.*)

1ST SEAMAN

Shut your blasted mouth, Owen Jones, and lend a hand here ; you give me the creeps.

OWEN JONES

Lend a hand indeead ! Creeps indeead ! It's with the long blind seaworms you'll be creeping, my hearty, or ever the day dawns in glory. (*Continues fiddling.*)

A rocket shoots off.

And very useful will that rocket be : it's the only candle we shall have to light us on our biers. Ah, I knew it when he came aboard with those devil beautiful eyes. I wass born at Portmadoc and I understand these things, Harree ; for we're off the coast of Wales, and those eyes of his I'm telling you of were as deep as the green sea, and I saw our doom in them.

DON JUAN

1ST SEAMAN

(Singing)

I'll be walking down below
Where the tunny fishes go
With a sea-girl a-dangle on my arm.

OWEN JONES *repeats the song on his fiddle.*
It is taken up in chorus by MEN.

OWEN JONES

It's phantoms we shall be, dancing on the
billow. But he shall live on and on. Ah, but
I tell you, let him beware the night when the
stars grow big.

HARRY

Well, that's not to-night, Owen, nor off this
coast.

OWEN JONES

No, not to-night, Harree, nor off this coast, as
you say, which is a queer coast. I tell you,
Harree, that was all waving cornfields once that
now iss waves of water, and that was before the
kings came, rowing their ships of gold.

HARRY

That would be a long time gone.

DON JUAN

OWEN JONES

And from Spain it wass they sailed like blue eyes here, and I mistrust he knows grim secrets of their history. (*Impressively*) But let him beware the night when the stars grow big.

The sea roars terribly. The boat's lights dip ; MEN's cries.

VOICES

Oh ! Oh !

A shaft of moonlight pierces the clouds, revealing only DON JUAN and OWEN JONES, haggard and grasping his fiddle.

OWEN JONES

There he is, shining white.

DON JUAN

(*Languidly*) That is a very pleasant little poem in prose you have given us, Owen Jones—well put together, pathetic, and suitable to the occasion.

The moonlight ceases. DON JUAN becomes invisible again.

So that's the coast of Wales ?

OWEN JONES

Yes, Don Juan.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

Half a mile away !

OWEN JONES

Yes, sir.

DON JUAN

No time to launch the boats ?

OWEN JONES

None, sir.

DON JUAN

And they would certainly upset ?

OWEN JONES

They would, sir.

DON JUAN

And the ship is settling down every moment ?

OWEN JONES

Very fast, sir.

DON JUAN

The rockets won't reach, and no lifeboat can put out ?

OWEN JONES

You are right, sir.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

Then the only chance is to swim for it.

OWEN JONES

Madness, Don Juan, but you know it is not your time to die.

ANGRY VOICES

Curse you ! You'll live and we shall drown.

DON JUAN

Certainly, if none of you have the pluck to swim.

HARRY

(Scornfully) Swim, my God, swim !

2ND SAILOR

I'd like to put a rope round your neck, and then send you swimming.

DON JUAN

(With vehemence) Stand away, or I'll shoot you ! Owen Jones, are you coming with me ?

OWEN JONES

There's death here to life with you. I'll come.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

Then sling your fiddle on your back, Owen Jones, it'll bring you luck ; and I'll take my revolver to shoot the fishes with. Now, off with your jacket and over, man !

THEY leap from the side. The boat lurches again.

HARRY

They're gone and good riddance ! The rocks will bark that dago's shins, and the Atlantic stop old Jones's jaw with a lump of seaweed. Well, I'm for a drink.

MATE

No, my brother. Let us offer up a supplication before the throne.

1ST SEAMAN

O give us a song with a swing in it : we'll die like men.

2ND SEAMAN

No, give us a comfortable hymn : we'll die like Christians.

HARRY

A hymn ! Oh, we'll be having a hell of a time in Paradise to-morrow.

DON JUAN

CAPTAIN

(From Bridge) My men, there is no hope whatever.

2ND SEAMAN

Well, we'd best die like Christians as I said ;
it's all that we can do.

1ST SEAMAN

None of your damned sentiment. The situation is grave, as the " Mail " says. *(Sings)*

I'll be walking down below
Where the tunny fishes go

CHORUS OF VOICES

With a sea-girl a-dangle on my arm, my arm,
my arm,

With a sea-girl a-dangle on my arm.

*The last word is drowned by the swirling of
the sea. The lights of the steamer dis-
appear.*

DON JUAN

SCENE II

SCENE.—*The stage gradually lightens ; a rocky coast is discovered all in the grey of dawn, and a “ wet ” sea rolling high ; spars of wreckage ; two bodies lying on the rocks.*

Down the cliff comes TISBEA, plainly attired as a fisher-girl, bare-legged, bare-armed, carrying a hand net and basket. She is a tall, strapping, black-eyed beauty.

TISBEA

(*Sings*)

I dreamt my sweetheart came
Like one with feet aflame,
And walking like a god upon the sea ;
I dreamt that I was dressed
With silk upon my breast
And a petticoat of gold about my knee.

I woke and found I was
A silly fisher-lass,
With the morning breeze a-blowing on my
knee ;
And so I'm stooping down
In my tattered cotton gown
To catch the scaly winkles by the sea.

DON JUAN

OWEN JONES

(Half sitting up, singing in imitation)

The wicked scaly winkles by the sea.

TISBEA

And who are you ?

OWEN JONES

My name is Owen Jones,

And I'm tired of sitting on these stones.

TISBEA

You are the ugliest man that I have seen.

Where did you grow ? Wherever have you
been ?

OWEN JONES

I am a shipwrecked sailor. (*Leering*) Pretty
maid !

TISBEA

(Retreating) Don't pretty me, sir.

OWEN JONES

Come, don't be afraid ; I'm far too weak—I'm
suffering from shock.

Give me some brandy ; lift me from this
rock.

DON JUAN

TISBEA

You're a cool customer, you can't deny it ;
If you want brandy you had better buy it.

Sees DON JUAN.

But is that seaweed glistening over there ?

OWEN JONES

I neither know nor, lovely woman, care.

TISBEA

Sure it's a body ; I can see it bleed.

Runs over to DON JUAN.

OWEN JONES

I should not trouble. He's a corpse indeed.

TISBEA

Why, it's a boy, and whiter than the moon.

OWEN JONES

(Mock pathos) How sad it is he perished all too
soon.

TISBEA

(Reflectively) So the young love of a maiden's
dreams . . .

OWEN JONES

Will leave her long a maiden, as it seems.

DON JUAN

TISBEA

I wonder now if there's a beat, a breath . . .

OWEN JONES

Uncommon, respiration after death.

TISBEA

There's just a flutter—ah, but he is cold !

OWEN JONES

A dead man's often chilly, some hours old.

TISBEA

What has he done that you should wish him
dead ?

I'll take him up and wrap my arms around him.

OWEN JONES

Fair lady, come and cherish me instead,
And leave that wretched fellow where you
found him.

TISBEA

Look, you old clam, d'you recognise his
features ?

OWEN JONES

I do, and hate him above all God's creatures.

DON JUAN

TISBEA

Who's he to make you curse, mis-shapen devil ?

OWEN JONES

Don't know : talks English well, but comes
from Seville.

TISBEA

He's waking slowly.

OWEN JONES

(Making a last effort to claim attention) : Oh !
I've got a stroke ! I've got the creeps and shivers.

OWEN JONES *falls senseless.*

TISBEA

May you choke !

Bending over DON JUAN.

Oh, my sweet boy, don't say that you are dead !

You are the loveliest lad I've ever seen ;

Suppose I rubbed you now, and raised your
head,

And took your arms and put my neck between ?

Why, I have never seen such fine white arms,
Slender and smooth as . . . mine ; but hard
and strong.

DON JUAN

Such red lips, too. Well, I myself have
charms :—

I am Tisbea of the seaman's song.

Could I but see the colour of your eyes,
Could I but stir a spark of life in you,
Could I but change your slumber to surprise
You'd find me not so ugly . . .

DON JUAN *wakes.*

Why, they're blue !

DON JUAN

And yours are black !

Kisses her.

Oh girl with great black eyes, I dreamt I lay
awake in Paradise !

TISBEA

As if a rose came floating down the sea
I dreamt my lover came to look for me.

DON JUAN

Are you the night, black eyes with stars of gold ?

TISBEA

Are you the dawn, so white and young and
cold ?

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

Released from water, with the fire I fought.

TISBEA

I came a-fishing and myself was caught.

DON JUAN

If you want pools to fish in, I have eyes.

TISBEA

(Pointing to her breast).

If you desire fair haven, here it lies.

DON JUAN

I dreamt my darling was a fisher lass,
Who swore to follow me the wide world through.

TISBEA

So, like the fishers of Tiberias,
I'll drop my nets and walk abroad with you.

DON JUAN

And all bright nights buried in golden grass . . .

TISBEA

We'll do what all the world's good lovers do . . .

DON JUAN

Kiss long and deep while guardian overhead
The noiseless constellations turn and tread.

DON JUAN

TISBEA

We shall find lanes and woods in England
still,

And one-street villages that drowse all day.

DON JUAN

We shall pick roses on the rounded hill,
And bind them in our hair that olden way.

TISBEA

We'll rout the jolly miller from his mill—

DON JUAN

Tell him it's cold, and we have come to stay.

TISBEA

Sing to the shepherd on his mountain height,
Or help the gypsies keep their fire alight.

DON JUAN

We shall find towns upon the blackened plain,
Their smoke their glory, and great fires their
pride.

TISBEA

The women all thin-lipped and pale with pain,
The young men gaunt, hungry and solemn-
eyed.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

We shall tramp pavements shining in the rain
Heavy of heart.

TISBEA

But tramp them side by side.

DON JUAN

And pass towards the morning, gods and free,
Children that hold the secret of the sea.

TISBEA

I dreamt you left me like a careless prince.

DON JUAN

O Ariadne on a lonely shore !
The tongue may fail, dear, but the eyes convince.

TISBEA

What silly talk !

DON JUAN

I never loved before !

TISBEA

Nor I, but dreamt I knew you long years since.

DON JUAN

I dreamt my lady touched my lips once more.

DON JUAN

TISBEA

(*Kissing him*).

I dreamt—but what of dreams? The sun's up high!

DON JUAN *falls back in her arms fainting*.

Oh boy, whose name I know not, do not die!

SCENE III

SCENE.—*A lonely square on the outskirts of the City of Gloucester. Blazing noon.*

DON PEDRO, *a distinguished old gentleman*;
OWEN JONES *in a terrible top hat and frock coat*.

DON PEDRO

So you say my son, damn him, will be here in half an hour with his concubine, damn her, dressed up like gypsies, I suppose; damn them both.

OWEN JONES

I may of course be able so to contrive, my lord, but there wass a preliminary matter . . .

DON PEDRO

What preliminary matter? I thought everything was settled.

DON JUAN

OWEN JONES

Just a preliminary trifle of solid cash . . .

DON PEDRO

Confound you, sir, and the whole business. If my son prefers a barn and a beggar girl to Cadogan Place and a Prime Minister's daughter whom he knows he could have, and a damned fine girl she is, and hasn't got the manners to let me know he's not drowned, and that after I let him go on that mad journey to Spain (*More in sorrow than in anger*), why the hell should I trouble, God damn it all. (*Turns his back on OWEN JONES as if to go.*)

OWEN JONES

(*In a tone of Celtic reproach*) But the promise of reward wass in the advertisement of the 'Morning Post.'

DON PEDRO

You shall have your reward twice over if you keep your word and bring the boy here in half an hour.

OWEN JONES

Iss it a contract, sir? Shall it be written down?

DON JUAN

DON PEDRO

As a rule, Mr. Jones, my word is considered sufficient guarantee.

OWEN JONES

Ah, sir, but I am not one of your old friends. I am a poor man and suspicious.

DON PEDRO

(Writing against the wall with a fountain pen which he carries attached to a gold chain which seriously impedes his calligraphy) There, will that do ?

OWEN JONES

(After a deep perusal) That iss correct.

DON PEDRO

(Starting away) Well, then, in half an hour. Go off and find him.

OWEN JONES

(At his coat tails) A moment, sir.

DON PEDRO

(Tired) Well.

OWEN JONES

The first half of the payment, a matter for

DON JUAN

which I haf no written contract, hass not been delivered.

DON PEDRO

(Taking out ten five-pound notes) Is that correct ?

OWEN JONES

(After deliberate counting) That iss correct.

DON PEDRO

(Starting off) Well, in half an hour, then.

OWEN JONES

(With passionate appeal) My Lord, one moment.

DON PEDRO

God damn your eyes and roast your body ;
what's the matter now ?

OWEN JONES

I had almost forgotten, my lord. I hastened to you when I read the advertisement, since there was no mistaking the description and since I have had no time for calm thought. I should mention, sir, that the journey from Gloucester to London is long and tiresome and expensive, so that I was faint with hunger and thirst on the way.

DON JUAN

DON PEDRO

(*Forking out another note*) Stop your damned poetry, sir, and take this. I shall be back with the car in half an hour.

Exit DON PEDRO.

OWEN JONES

(*As with sundry contortions and precautions he stuffs the notes into his pocket*) There iss a hole in that pocket : the notes haf gone into the lining, (*With soft hatred*) and when that blue-eyed young lecher deserts her—she will learn who is the true gentleman.

Enter DON JUAN and TISBEA. DON JUAN carries the violin and TISBEA the bow. They are strolling arm in arm and dressed in rags.

OWEN JONES

(*Observing them . . . in agony*) Ah Christ !

DON JUAN

Hello, Owen Jones, we've been carting your fiddle about for hours. Where the deuce have you been to since yesterday afternoon ? Squaring the circle, eh ?

DON JUAN

OWEN JONES

I do not know what you mean, sir. If you haf an indelicate meaning, I would haf you remember I am a strict Rechabite.

DON JUAN

Strict Rahabite ! Well, let's pitch here.

TISBEA

It's such an ugly place.

DON JUAN

Ugly, my queen ? There's sky above it, and good brown earth beneath it, and little square houses blinking at us in a line.

TISBEA

And down that street I can see the Cotswold Hills.

DON JUAN

Well then, let's make music. Tune up, Owen Jones. Owen !

OWEN JONES

Yes, sir.

DON JUAN

Don't look so preternaturally ugly.

DON JUAN

OWEN JONES

(*Sadly*) How can I help it, sir ? I'm not your Adonis breed.

DON JUAN

Oh, you can help it. You are hatching some devilish plot. I know you. I have seen you look quite beautiful when you play the violin and peer into Tisbea's eyes. So tune up, Owen—one of your slow trailing tunes that you Welshmen love.

OWEN JONES

I do not want to play in this heat. And what's the good ? There's no one here.

DON JUAN

No one here ?

OWEN JONES

Of course ; not a soul.

DON JUAN

(*Whimsically*)

No one ? It's noon, but hidden like the stars
Behind the soft blue curtain of the day
Packed in each corner of this rotting square
A thousand ghosts expect your violin.

DON JUAN

They sigh among the breezes, and they sit
Like bright-eyed birds in rows along the roofs,
And a friend in a whisper says to a friend ' It's
time,
High time we had good music in this place.
Since we shot arrows in the Severn fields
You and I,
Sang in our cups and kissed the pretty girls
You and I,
It might be some four hundred years ago,
They have not danced enough in the county
town.'
' True,' says his friend, ' Gloucester's not what
it was.

Well, more museums, deeper miseries,
Electric trams, consumption and the rest,—
They seem to enjoy it, call it civilised,
And would not be like us for anything
Who lived and died like sheep, as they would say,
And built those starry strange cathedral towers.'

TISBEA

Here is our live audience coming across the
square, Juan. A little girl with an enormous
bundle.

Enter LITTLE GIRL.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

Come, little girl, and do not be afraid :
That ugly man can make a lovely noise,
That pretty lady dances like a queen,
And I can tell you splendid fairy stories.

LITTLE GIRL

Sir, mother said I should not talk to strangers,
Or loiter with the washing on my way.

DON JUAN

Madam, I am an old friend of your mother's.
Besides, it's very nice to disobey.
Do you like fairy stories ?

LITTLE GIRL

Yes, I do.

DON JUAN

I'll tell you one, but it's entirely true.

Obviously making it up as he goes along

There lived a king. I know not where,

Perhaps in Mirascowre,

Whose daughters grew so deadly fair

He shut them in a tower.

The first princess was Flower of Flame,

The second, Silver-pool,

DON JUAN

The third one . . . had not got a name,
She was too beautiful.

There lived three white and laughing boys
Not far from that country,
The first one's name was Forest Noise,
The second's Sound of Sea.
The third boy had no name like this
For girls to dream upon,
His was a face you *had* to kiss
And yet they called him John.

Why, whatever is that shindy ?

*A thin man in working clothes comes rushing
on to the square and runs round close to
the house walls to find some alley of escape.
After him pour a large and motley crowd
of runners throwing bricks, stones, and
lumps of earth vaguely but with silent
determination. The fugitive passes by
DON JUAN, who seizes him and takes his
arm. The fugitive's arm is bleeding.*

DON JUAN

All right, man, all right. Face them a little.

LITTLE GIRL *begins to cry.*

OWEN JONES

Don't interfere ; it is a dangerous situa-

DON JUAN

tion indeed. Come and bury ourselves in the crowd.

DON JUAN

Bury your face in a shroud ! Come, Tisbea.

Offers her the other arm.

TISBEA

(In admiration) Juan, are you going to fight them all ?

DON JUAN

I'll manipulate them somehow. *(With a shout)*
Leave this man alone. You have hurt him badly ;
and you are frightening this little girl.

Crowd holds back altogether with sullen murmurs.

VOICE IN CROWD

Who in hell's commander here ?

Corroborative voices of " Who in hell."

DON JUAN

A better man than you.

VOICE IN CROWD

I don't think. We'll see about it.

DON JUAN

Will this help you to see about it ? *(Displays*

DON JUAN

revolver.) It's the same sort as those jolly old anarchists use.

VOICE IN CROWD

Hallelujah. We'd best clear. He's a bleeding alien.

DON JUAN

No, I'm only a gentleman. Come now, put up your prize men of the gab, your silver-voiced Cicero, your dreaming Demosthenes of the street corner, and we'll reason this show out.

VOICE IN CROWD

Where's Evans? Where's Bob Evans? Come and talk to the bloke.

EVANS, a huge, square, black-bearded, intelligent-looking, oldish man, in miner's costume, is hustled up to the front by the crowd, who begin instinctively to form a ring round the disputants.

VOICE OF INTIMATE FRIEND OF EVANS

Hash him up, Ev.

DON JUAN

Now, Mr. Evans, what has this man done that he deserves to be hounded to death in this fashion?

DON JUAN

ROBERT EVANS

He's a blackleg, young man. He has been breaking our strike and trying to get work for himself.

DON JUAN

Because you are on strike and he is not, is that reason enough for throwing bricks at him ?

ROBERT EVANS

Young man, he has been doing the meanest things a man could do. We have a great battle to fight, we poor men, against the monstrous brute power of capital, and our only chance of winning—of making life a bit brighter for our wives and children, of being able to live a little more cleanly and prettily than hogs in a sty, is for us to stand or fall together, as though we were riveted with iron. We have a great and splendid cause at stake ; after all these dark years of what they call progress and civilisation, we want a little ray of justice for the poor. And dogs like him would ruin the work and sufferings of all of us.

VOICE IN CROWD

Just to get half a potato down his stinking gullet.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

I am beginning to understand. He is an individualist and believes in greed, and you are Socialists and believe in Justice ?

ROBERT EVANS

That's it, young man, and we'll get it if we have to blow up St. Stephen's.

DON JUAN

Well, as long as you don't rebuild it in the style of the Victoria and Albert Museum. . . . I too believe in Justice, old buffer : we shake hands on that. But what are you striking for ?

ROBERT EVANS

For higher wages.

DON JUAN

Ah ! Then because each individual of you wants more money this unhappy friend of mine is to have more bricks ?

MOTHER OF LITTLE GIRL

Let me get at her, I say. Make way for a body there, ye lumps of suet. Let me get at her, I say. I'll learn her.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

(Amused) Hallo, hallo.

MOTHER

(Seizing little girl) I'll teach you to talk to strangers while I'm waiting for the wash. *(Proceeds to prepare to smack her)*

ROBERT EVANS

(Arresting her uplifted hand) Shame, woman ; you must not beat the child.

MOTHER

And wherefore not ? She's my own child, and she deserves it certainly. Were you never smacked, Mr. Evans ?

ROBERT EVANS

(Solemnly) I remember with shame—

DON JUAN

And I without shame, old buffer, though I'm young and it seems but yesterday. But as her lady mother remarks most justly, why should not the child be smacked ? She has been disobedient !

ROBERT EVANS

(More solemnly) She must not be hurt because physical pain is the most awful evil that exists ;

DON JUAN

she must not be hurt because she is too young to know that she has done wrong ; she must not be hurt because she is tender and a little girl.

DON JUAN

Shade of the moated grange, what chivalry ! What a noble softness of heart he has. Smack her, mother, do not listen to him. Smack her hard, and several times, and in the right place. She knew she was being disobedient. I tempted her and she fell at once. There was nothing like a sufficient moral struggle. As yet she is of too soft a character, that little girl, to brave out a humble life. Smack her several times, wise and farseeing mother, or some day she will run into a worse danger than listening to fairy stories : she will believe in them ; she will come back later and later ; she will stay out all night. And, most excellent mother, smack her for your own advantage. She has kept you waiting for the wash. It is most just that she should be smacked, and I, like my friend, believe in Justice.

MOTHER

(*Hauling off the child*) You leave me to smack her by myself, my poll parrot.

DON JUAN

ROBERT EVANS

You are a very dangerous and cruel young man.

DON JUAN

It is not I, the man of reason, but you, the sentimentalist, who are cruel and dangerous. Evans—you who shudder if a boy is birched and applaud when blood flows purple on the wedding days of kings. Oh, I know you. You desire to reform society and perfect the State. You will revive Atlantis, realise Theleme. A glorious idea, and who knows what might not be done ! But, my dear Evans, you aren't the men to do it. You degrade the theories of your leaders because you are simply an ignorant mob playing for your own hand. You can't solve the simplest political problem. You can't even tell me why there are so many unemployed.

ROBERT EVANS

There would be none if all labour were employed by the State.

DON JUAN

When the State does employ you, give you fair play, insurance, pensions, short hours of work, do you think you are going to be less greedy ?

DON JUAN

You'll only have more power to put a whole country out by stupid strikes and make thousands of poor men like yourselves unhappy. You talk of justice. How can the weary underpaid school-masters get justice? Can they strike?

ROBERT EVANS

Why not?

DON JUAN

Why not? Because they are scattered all over the kingdom. How are they going to form parties to chase their blacklegs with bricks? Who cares if archæologists strike or the artists and poets whom England allows to trudge the gutter, starve?

ROBERT EVANS

No one will starve if we win our fight.

DON JUAN

No, you will make them be what you call useful instead: turn them into salaried officials and grind them down into your dreary mill.

ROBERT EVANS

Nonsense, they will work at being artists and poets.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

So you think you will treat them as they deserve, you barbarous mob of bricklayers? Will you build them villas on the hills where they may look at the world and forget it, wandering with their mistresses among the roses and dreaming of imperishable songs?

VOICE IN CROWD

What piffle this bloody young fool is talking. Who the Almighty Hell cares what 'appens to poets? We're working men, young man, and of course *you* may be a dook in disguise (*loud guffaws*), but what *we* want is less bloody work and more bloody wages.

DON JUAN

(*Slapping Robert Evans on the shoulder*) That man's right. Stop all this gas about Right and Justice and fight the rich. It's a splendid battle to watch, and you're making a hot struggle for victory, and with all my heart and soul, my gallant enemies, I wish you a speedy and complete defeat.

VOICE IN CROWD

Wherefore are you agin us, young rip?

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

Because I *am* a duke in disguise ; because I think you're a lot of brutal idiots unfit to manage a cowshed on fifty pounds a year. Because I have old blood in my veins that makes me look on you like dirt : that's why.

CROWD *with a variety of menacing murmurs,
oaths and curses advance on DON JUAN.*

OWEN JONES

This is a fearful experience.

DON JUAN

Back. Remember I carry the individualist's weapon.

They draw back, still angry.

ROBERT EVANS

No, now, my men, we musn't get into trouble ; besides this young man's shooter, if I guess right, is quite capable of making a considerable mess all round ; and after all, whoever he is, he's better than those fat old rich women who come and dole us out blankets and comforters. He's been honest with us at all events, and it does us good to know the truth, that all those damned Tories hate us like poison. Besides—

Hoot of motor horn.

DON JUAN

VOICES IN CROWD

What's this 'ere motor doin' of? E's a blasted peer—e's come to stand us drinks. E's a sweater. Whew, cockey, e's a Jew pawnbroker in a purple gownd. Ain't 'e distinguished like? 'E might be the prime minister. Pull him out of it.

DON JUAN

(*Shoving the crowd aside*) Will you keep quiet and go away. It's my father.

TISBEA

Juan !

ROBERT EVANS

Your father ?

VOICE IN CROWD

(*Observing that the blackleg, profiting by the confusion, has been silently trying to escape*) No, you don't there.

2nd VOICE

What's that ?

1ST VOICE

That damned blackleg's trying to give us the

DON JUAN

slip. Look, he's creeping along over there. Come on, you chaps, quick.

The whole crowd with divers imprecations starts off after the blackleg, not heeding EVAN'S appeal to 'Leave the poor devil alone, can't you.' The square is cleared of them.

ROBERT EVANS

I must go after them, sir. There's no knowing what they may do. They're very excited. (*Starts but calls back*) Why did you say there were so many unemployed?

DON JUAN

(*Shouting merrily after him*) Because there are too many people, old buffer. (*To Jones*) He never thought of that.

LITTLE GIRL *comes into the square again.*

DON PEDRO

(*Leaping from the car*) Juan, it is you?

DON JUAN

Yes, father.

LITTLE GIRL

(*Seizing Don Juan's coat-tails*) Tell me the end of the story now.

DON JUAN

DON PEDRO

What are you doing in this place, my son ?
You can't know, you can't realise—

DON JUAN

Forgive me a moment. (*To little girl*) Well,
have you had your smacking ?

LITTLE GIRL

(*With a rueful rubbing*) Yes.

DON JUAN

And you still want more fairy story ?

DON PEDRO

Juan, on an occasion like this—

DON JUAN

(*Very politely*) You must excuse me a minute.
Where had I got to now ? (*Sits on the step of
car and takes the little girl on his knee.*)

LITTLE GIRL

You had got to the boy whose name was
John.

DON JUAN

Of course I remember. ' His was a face you

DON JUAN

had to kiss, and yet his name was John.' Well
(*making up*) :—

One day those three delightful boys
Hunting in Mirascowre
With bugle blast came thundering past
That square and savage tower.

And Flower of Flame was singing there
A low heart-broken tune,
And Silver-pool combed out her hair
That glistened like the moon.

The Third princess, who had no name,
Peeped from the rusty grill,
And her sweet face shone on the eyes of John,
And he and his horse stood still.

Forest Noise made a rope of his curls,
Sound of the Sea he threw it,
And John went up to fetch the girls
And nobody ever knew it.

And Flower of Flame—who knows where she
And Forest Noise have gone ?
Or Silver Pool and Sound of Sea ?
But the nameless girl's with John.

DON JUAN

There, that's all, my dear. You must trot away home now.

LITTLE GIRL

Thank you, sir. (*Kisses him and trots away.*)

DON PEDRO

Juan.

DON JUAN

Well, father.

They stand and face each other in front of the car. TISBEA is sitting on the pavement some paces away quite disconsolate and frightened. OWEN JONES is grotesquely attempting to comfort her.

DON PEDRO

I have been worried about you all these months. I thought you were drowned : I looked everywhere for you, and you never wrote me a line to say you were alive—

DON JUAN

I'm sorry : I was sure you'd think me dead.

DON PEDRO

And now when I have found you, you seem neither surprised nor sorry nor glad to see me, and start away amusing a little beggar girl as if my arrival were a matter of course.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

I apologise if I spoilt the drama, father. I assure you I was both amazed and delighted to see you. But—(*To Owen Jones, who is hovering*) will you disappear, Owen Jones ! (*To Don Pedro*) But as I say, it would have been dreadful never to have finished that fairytale. It was such a good one.

DON PEDRO

What do you want with fairy tales when I'm calling you back to civilisation ?

DON JUAN

What do I want with civilisation when I've got a fairy tale to amuse me ? (*To Owen Jones, who is edging near*) Stand back there, Owen Jones.

DON PEDRO

Come, boy, you have treated me badly enough. Surely you don't expect a man of my age—

DON JUAN

(*Gravely*) And experience.

DON PEDRO

Of my age and experience to swallow all these romantic platitudes. Here are you, a nobleman

DON JUAN

born and bred, dressed like a scarecrow, behaving like a buffoon and making love to a great naked gypsy girl under half the haystacks in the country. You and your fairy tales ! Do you think me an old fool, Juan ? Because if you do, say so and I will go away.

DON JUAN

I do not think you an old fool, sir. I adore you. You seem to me to be a very splendid and beautiful old man.

DON PEDRO

Curse you, Juan, I'm not a Tintoretto. I'm your father.

DON JUAN

Ah well, sir. Fathers aren't what they were. We of the young generation have too often to regret our lost spiritual life and that happy couch among the moon-lilies off which our fathers pulled us so abruptly. (*To Owen Jones*) Will you go away and talk to Tisbea ? (*To Don Pedro*) I wonder there are any fathers left.

DON PEDRO

(*Sighing*) So do I.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

It's so old-fashioned, so elemental, so uncivilised. You never stop to think whether we are going to be mad or maim or blind. You just plunge at it. Ah, if those stupid Socialists would only organise a strike of fathers. Think of it. The whole of mankind growing older and older and fewer and fewer till the last ancient dodderers fell into their graves and lions roared and roamed in the streets of London.

DON PEDRO

Lions !

DON JUAN

Yes, lions from the Zoo glutted with their frail grey-bearded keepers. And then just as you would think all mortal misery was done with, that humorist Providence would start evolution all over again. I know the wench. But not with those infernal monkeys. *Ah non, plus maintenant !* Think what might be done by evolving lions.

DON PEDRO

Come Juan, I've let you talk your nonsense out. Now just tell me this. Do you care for me ?

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

As a father, not a bit. I'm not filial. As an old friend who's been very decent to me on the whole, why yes.

DON PEDRO

You admit I was decent to you, as you put it : yet you moped about at home and were never happy till I let you go on that absurd journey to Spain.

DON JUAN

Ah, father, you wanted me to be the son of Don Pedro. I wanted to be Don Juan. (*Bowing*) Very much at your service. I was not made for the icy mountains of the polite life. My way's among the roses. Do me justice. I never tried to make you tramp with a caravan and sing to shepherds on windy nights or while my mistress danced like a nymph in the moonlight and that old faun there scraped his violin. But I swear I never thought you'd find me. How did you manage it ?

DON PEDRO

That—I cannot tell you.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

I understand. (*To Owen Jones, who is imminent*) You are an original character, Mr. Jones, but I wish you'd go away and amuse the ladies. (*To Don Pedro*) Well, and now you have found me, what do you want to do with me ?

DON PEDRO

Want to do with you ? Want to bring you back to town of course. You've had your fling and not much harm in it if you come back now. You can't have quite forgotten your friends in town.

DON JUAN

I miss old Framlingham.

DON PEDRO

There's not only Lord Framlingham but his pretty daughter too, both of them, I swear, quite in love with you ; and with chances like that about you can't possibly be allowed to go back to nature and make a fool of yourself. I must get you clear of this. (*Waves his arm round.*)

DON JUAN

Well, it's not so unpleasant as it looks. But it palls. I'm tired of it.

DON JUAN

DON PEDRO

Then you will come back with me ?

DON JUAN

My dear father, the thought of a hot bath and 'homard à la cardinal' is too seductive. Yes, I'll come home. But you must kill the fatted calf, you know. Let me have my own flat . . .

DON PEDRO

(Mildly expostulating) You are hardly old enough, really.

DON JUAN

My own cook and my own car, and by thunder, Owen Jones shall be my own valet. Ah, supper at the Savoy again ! We'll have great times in London, father, you and I. Still—it's a wrench. It's not such a bad life as you would think, O my progenitor, strolling from dell to dale and camping beneath the stars. 'Furtivos hominum vident amores.' Ah, but sweeter still a four-poster and a ceiling by Tiepolo. Ah, the smell of wild roses ! But again—the fragrance of Havana. Yes, I'll come to London. *(Suddenly and sharply)* Owen Jones !

DON JUAN

OWEN JONES

(*At his elbow, jumping*) Yessir.

DON JUAN

We are going to London.

OWEN JONES

We, sir ?

DON JUAN

Yes, you and I. I as your master, you as my valet. With a face like yours, man, livery's the only thing. (*Changing voice*) Ah, but a moment.

DON PEDRO

What's the matter, Juan ?

DON JUAN

I must say good-bye to my fisher-girl.

DON PEDRO

(*Sotto voce*) Look here, Juan. I'll talk to the poor thing and settle it all right : don't you trouble about that.

DON JUAN

Ah, you can never be serious, you men of the

DON JUAN

world. It is not a question of payment. I wish to hell it was.

DON JUAN *proceeds to walk towards TISBEA, who is still sitting disconsolate on the cobbles. Meanwhile DON PEDRO beckons to OWEN JONES.*

DON PEDRO

I think, Jones, as you are going to be my son's valet, I might give you a few instructions.

DON JUAN

(*Hearing this, aside*) *Paper* instructions, I dare say, Mr. Jones. I pledge myself you shall not keep your instructions long.

TISBEA

Now, Juan, don't stand there drooping like a willow tree. What has your father been saying to you ?

DON JUAN

'Day,' said my father, 'must quit the couch of night.'

TISBEA

Don't tease me with your nonsense. What did he say really ?

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

He said that if bad boys repented and went back to school again they should have cake.

TISBEA

And naughty girls ?

DON JUAN

Ah, naughty girls must sit weeping, weeping by the shore of the Western Sea.

TISBEA

And what said my lover ?

DON JUAN

He said he would go home.

TISBEA

To the mountains ?

DON JUAN

No, to Cadogan Place.

TISBEA

And I ?

DON JUAN

(*Seriously*) You, Ariadne, must fish a lonely shore.

DON JUAN

TISBEA

(*Troubled by his tone, aghast*) You mean to leave me ?

DON JUAN

Now at once.

TISBEA

Why, who in the world could be such a brute as that ?

DON JUAN

(*Sadly*) No one, darling, save he who is rich and insolent and young, and turns his life into a cricket match.

TISBEA

And what of her who is proud and beautiful and poor.

DON JUAN

She will be unhappy.

TISBEA

No more folly, Juan, no more folly. I let you go ? And what do you think of me ? Am I your harlot ? Did we meet last night ? Did I sell myself for supper and a sovereign ? How

DON JUAN

dare you stand there simpering good-bye to me, to me whom your passion has made Queen of all the World? You have taught me why the sun shines and the moon and the stars, and what the wind sings upon the mountains and the sea upon the shore. Leave me? (*Winding her arms round his neck*) I will kill you if you make one step to leave me. You shall not leave me, save for everlasting sleep.

DON JUAN

(*Unwinding her arms*) I gave you happiness : I must take back my gift.

TISBEA

I gave you love : that gift you hold for ever—and which of your slender ladies could give you love like mine? No girl in the world, Juan—no girl in the world could have love like me. Oh but do not look at me like a stony statue. (*She gradually loses her heroism before Don Juan's glance*) You who have said all those sweet and tender words to me, you who have been so passionate in my arms. Are you so tired of me? We have been but a month together : and a month is a short time for a girl in love.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

How could I spend my whole life dancing in villages or trudging up mountains, my Tisbea? I have other things to do in the world than that—other things even beside love fair women. I am of those who would shape their lives into music, and force their solo through the dominants of life. And so, I am relentless : I must have my freedom and freedom is as great a thing as love.

TISBEA

Was there no freedom on the hills of heaven
When the last wind blew heather scent around
us,
And you said evening was a shepherdess
Whose sheep were fleeced with fire?

DON JUAN

(Remembering) Ah, those were nights when I was
near the stars.

TISBEA

Then home we're going, home to the hills
again.

DON JUAN

No, I must leave you.

DON JUAN

TISBEA

Leave me. What do you mean ?
It stuns me, Juan. O God, I only know
I am a woman terribly in love
Whose boy is tired of her and all too soon.

DON JUAN

I found a jewel sparkling by the sea
And wore it for an hour. O my sweet mistress,
I am still passionate, but I was made
Inconstant as a bee in summer time.
There's honey here and secret honey there ;
Dark is the violet and dear the rose,
And lilies have such comfortable bells,
And honey's good, but tiresome all day long,
And I'm a man and like most other men
I'm ready for all beautiful brave girls,
Deep-breasted with black eyes and a stream of
hair,
Who'd speak me soft and pass the night with
me.
But love, what's that ?

TISBEA

Love ? Why, there's mine for you ;
That you cannot philosophise away.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

(*Softly*) Are all the passions of great women
love,

And men's great passions miscalled love by
women ?

Let's end it now, or what was once a fire
Dies down and down to a comfortable glow—
Middle-aged couples never tire of it.

O be brave, girl !

We're lovers, we'll not wait for love to die.

TISBEA

Be brave ? You lie and argue round the case ;
I'm not a scholar, so you laugh at me.

We've all our youth before us, and you talk
You with your fire, you with your middle-age
As if a girl were forty, not nineteen.

You're speaking books, seducer : you just
hope

To make a pretty poem out of me.

And when the last line's polished—off you go,
(*Sobbing*) And I may swallow blood for all
you care.

DON JUAN

I'm not a brute, Tisbea ; now, good-bye.

DON JUAN

TISBEA.

Not yet—not yet.

The motor engine is started.

DON JUAN

It's time ; I have to go.

TISBEA

Go, go, but come again.

DON JUAN

Never again.

A last kiss, sweetheart. I'll not come again.

TISBEA

(*Starting back*) O you to talk to me so, what
do you mean ?

I've given you my body and my passion—
What do you mean, you with your 'never
again ?'

DON JUAN

Now, give me that last kiss.

TISBEA

(*Covering her face with her hands*)

My heart is broken.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

Give me the last kiss, lady, and good-bye !

TISBEA

(Tearing herself away as Owen Jones comes up and begins to help Don Juan into a furlined overcoat)

No, do not touch me. You're a priggish
scoundrel,

A god-forsaken villain and a bully,

As low as one who sells

His daughter's bright virginity for gold.

Start off your motor, set your money jingling,

Ride with the rich and prostitute the poor,

Live what you call your life, die of the rot !

I'll never look you in the face again . . .

The car dashes away.

(With a cry of agony) Juan !

ACT II

SCENE I

SCENE.—*A small ball-room in DON JUAN'S house is visible in the background where some half-dozen couples are dancing. In the foreground smoking-room, alcoves, conservatory, etc.*

CHARLEY

(*A middle-aged gentleman not dancing*) Good idea of young Juan's givin' this quiet little bust up, ain't it ?

FRIEND

Yes, I like these informal crushes, I must say, Charley. You needn't jabber to the sex all the evening or turn them round if you don't want to, and you haven't got to wait till supper for a drink. But then, that boy Juan's full of good ideas.

CHARLEY

Ah, it's wonderful, you know. Some fellows have ideas and others haven't. Fellow told me th'other day he'd heard of a Polish Jew who picked up hairpins. I don't know why he picked

DON JUAN

them up ; I suppose it was because he was a Polish Jew. Well, one day he picked up a hairpin that had been run over by a bus ! It was all you know (*motioning with hand*) wup shape, like a slice of melon. Ah, said he to himself, the girls will like them that shape, they'll stick. So he became a millionaire. But Juan's really a clever chap, you know, only thank God he doesn't behave like one. Never talks politics, never gets bored, and plays the deuce with the women.

FRIEND

You're right there, begad. But the boy's a perfect Apollo, it's not surprising. By the way, do you think he'll whisk off the Framlingham ? Look at them floating round ; she clings like a convolvulus.

CHARLEY

I'd take ten to one on it . . . in guineas.

FRIEND

No thanks. It's a cert. But what will the old Fram say ?

CHARLEY

Old Framlingham ? What should he say ? Juan's rich enough and decent family : besides

DON JUAN

the Fram dotes on him. Even if he didn't, he can't run his daughter as slick as he runs his party. She's a pretty bit, with a temper.

FRIEND

Ah, he's a great man, is the Fram. You should hear him in the House pulverising that dirty Radical thief Robert Evans. Suppose something unholy cropped up, and we were turned out. It might happen, you know, Charley: the people never know their real friends—imagine coal-heaver Evans Prime Minister instead of the Fram.

CHARLEY

We'll hold the country as long as there's war afoot.

FRIEND

By God, do you think he'll fight them?

CHARLEY

Why not. There's heaps of fight in him and a damn good thing, say I.

FRIEND

War's rather a big job: it's serious.

DON JUAN

CHARLEY

Serious be damned. We'll show those beer-swilling drill-sergeants what we're made of. (*Don Juan approaches*) We'll show these armour-plated sons of glory what the decadence of the British Empire is like. Won't we, Juan?—but there, you're not a politician.

DON JUAN

Pity your figure's gone, Charley : you're talking fine. So you think it's war ?

CHARLEY

By hell, I do, if the Fram remains in power twenty-four hours longer. But you're such a friend of his : you ought to know all about it.

DON JUAN

He's refused to see a soul for the last two weeks. However, he told Lady Isabella he would be here to-night.

CHARLEY

Grand, eh, war !

DON JUAN

(*In a lazy drawl*) I think war monstrous.

DON JUAN

CHARLEY

My dear boy, you can't be a Radical.

DON JUAN

(*In a lazy drawl*) No, peace under a Radical Government might be more monstrous still.

CHARLEY

Then what are you, Juan? You aren't one of those business Government frauds, are you?

DON JUAN

My dear man, I never talk politics.

FRIEND

Let's get a drink.

DON JUAN

(*To Lady Anna, a young and deadly plain girl with spectacles*) Lady Anna, these gentlemen have been prophesying war like ancestral voices. They have now gone for a drink.

LADY ANNA

(*Absently*) Really. I suppose they were thirsty.

Stage Direction. ANNA speaks absolutely mechanically, like a doll wound up : her eyes or rather spectacles are fixed on JUAN's face.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

Do you think your father is really going to let us in for a fight ?

LADY ANNA

I don't know. He has been very busy lately.

DON JUAN

Would you like it to be war, Lady Anna ?

LADY ANNA

It would be a change. But I suppose war is a very bad thing.

DON JUAN

Just exactly what I think, Lady Anna. I think your view is a very sound one.

LADY ANNA

Oh you know I haven't any view at all. I suppose war's rather a fine thing too.

DON JUAN

That's just it. War's very bad and yet it's very good at the same time, and that's the profoundest view after all. But here is your sister and my father. Isn't he splendid, the old Vandyck !

DON JUAN

DON PEDRO

May I claim the honour, Lady Anna ?

DON JUAN

May I claim the honour, Lady Isabel ?

LADY ISABEL

You may. (*Don Pedro and Anna move off.*)

DON JUAN

Oh Isabel, I thought we should never be alone again.

LADY ISABEL

It is your fault. The host of the evening has no business to propose to a girl who loves him.

DON JUAN

The host of the evening could wait no longer.

LADY ISABEL

You are a sweet boy, Juan. How good you always are to Anna : I know how hard she is to talk to.

DON JUAN

She is your sister, Isabel.

LADY ISABEL

And you must always be kind to her, Juan, for

DON JUAN

I'm fond of her. I wonder what she thinks about the books she reads. Poor Anna.

DON JUAN

Perhaps she lives in a world she has made for herself, and that is why she neither looks nor listens when we talk to her ; that is why she walks like a somnambulist and answers like a machine.

LADY ISABEL

I know her too well, Juan—she is simply stupid ; you cannot make a romance out of her. She isn't misunderstood. She just doesn't understand. But she's a darling. (*Juan presses her hand*) No, Juan, don't try and look sentimental. Let's make castles in the air.

DON JUAN

I love them, when you've got the bricks ; and we have, darling : wealth, rank, youth, all that the heart desires.

LADY ISABEL

And love, Juan.

DON JUAN

(*Absently*) Yes, and love. So what shall be done with life ?

DON JUAN

LADY ISABEL

I want to see you in the Cabinet, boy. Father's quite alone, you know. The other Ministers are perfect posts. He has had to teach one of them French.

DON JUAN

Man at the Foreign Office, I suppose. No, but I shouldn't fit in to Politics : you've got to hold other people's ideas. The Diplomatic now—there you needn't have any ideas at all. No, I shouldn't fit in. For instance, I don't like the idea of war.

LADY ISABEL

That's so strange of you, Juan. You're brave and spirited and not sentimental. Why don't you like war ?

DON JUAN

It's modern war I hate—an ugly and stupid affair of money and mathematics. Give me that ancient bloody spear-jabbing tussle that poets call a fray. Besides it will ruin the season and cause me personal inconvenience. Now think how that would horrify your father ! No. Politics is not for me.

DON JUAN

LADY ISABEL

The Diplomatic, then ?

DON JUAN

Perhaps. I always wanted to be a hairdresser in Bond Street.

LADY ISABEL

Why a hairdresser, silly boy ?

DON JUAN

I don't know. Hair is so silky. Besides it's grand to be a specialist. (*Enter into ball-room* LORD F.) Why there is your father, Isabel. He looks as if he had been telegraphing to Ambassadors all day long. Don't tell him about our engagement, Isabel. I'll find an auspicious time. Ah, but I will (*kisses her*). How splendid and cold you are to my kisses.

LADY ISABEL

What's a kiss ?

DON JUAN

For lovers, a pledge. For soldiers, an oath. For traitors, a sign.

LADY ISABEL

And what is your kiss ?

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

A rose dropped on deep waters, Isabella.

LADY ISABEL

The music is ending.

DON JUAN

But not ours.

LADY ISABEL

Ah, that shall be secret and eternal.

DON JUAN

As the music of the spheres.

LADY ISABEL

(Suddenly perceiving Anna in front of her) Anna,
what is it ?

LADY ANNA

Do you take me for Cassandra ? I came to say
that father is here.

DON JUAN

(Rising and whispers to Isabel) What has come
over Anna ?

LADY ISABEL

It was a strange phrase, for her.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

And somewhat strangely said.

FRAMLINGHAM

Good evening, Juan. Everyone seems very excited at my entry.

DON JUAN

You look rather excited yourself.

FRAMLINGHAM

Well, I am.

VOICE

Is it war, Framlingham?

CHARLEY

Tell us, Framlingham, is it war?

FRIEND

We must be told. You look like war, Framlingham.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

(*To Don Juan*) Shall I tell them? Can I trust them?

DON JUAN

We are all friends here, Framlingham.

DON JUAN

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

(In a whisper to guests crowding round him)
Well, come close all of you.

VOICES

Quietly, quietly, listen, Framlingham will tell us.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

I sent a note to them three days ago. If no reply to that note arrives before to-morrow's dawn, and none will, I shall order the Fleet to cross the North Sea.

CHARLEY

(In the silence following the announcement) My God, that's great.

A moment after someone shouts 'Long live the old Fram. and the old country,' which is the signal for thunderous applause.

DON JUAN

(Loudly) The violins may stop. *(To Lord F. at his side)* There will be no more dancing now, *(aside whimsically)* except the dance of death.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

Well, my boy, I am sorry to break up your party.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

(*Shrugging his shoulders*) You'll break up many parties, Lord Framlingham. It will be a long time before England is merry again.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

You take it very seriously, Juan. I thought you had more spirit.

DON JUAN

More spirit? Am I a sailor, preparing for that voyage in the dawn?

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

Ah, would *I* were. But I must take my daughters home.

DON JUAN

(*To departing guests*) Good-night old chap. . . . Good-night, Miss Lumley, I may come round next week and look at those Chinese paintings, mayn't I? . . . Not at all, my dear man, I'm only sorry we had to cut it short. . . . Your brother on the *Bellerophon*? Ah, he'll be a happy man to-night and a prouder man to-morrow, Miss Paul. . . . (*To ISABEL*) Good-night, are you going now? (*To LORD F.*) . . . By the way, what are you doing later on to-night, Lord Framlingham?

DON JUAN

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

I must make plans and keep at the telephone. I haven't got a moment, but I ought to get a little sleep.

DON JUAN

Come, what you want is some quiet thinking in the cold night air. You know you have planned everything you could long ago : all you have to do is to wait for a telegram which you know will never arrive, and you'll only worry the man at the War Office : if he is worried he will certainly succumb. As for sleep, it is hard to sleep on the eve of battle : if one did, one would have unpleasant nightmares of triumphs in mauve and pink like the poor devils in the picture by Detaille. Now suppose you were to meet me an hour from now—that's just before midnight, down by Cleopatra's Needle. We could go for a walk down by the river. It's very cooling, the river.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

You're a marvellous boy, Juan, and I believe you're right as usual. There is really not a single thing left that I can do, and I can't sleep on a night like this. Yes, I'll come. (*Turns to go*) Good-night.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

I will keep my promise. Good-night, good-night, Isabel.

LADY ISABEL

A good idea of yours, Juan, to tell him to-night. It will give him something else to think of. He's terribly overwrought.

DON JUAN

(Puzzled) A good idea? . . . *(Suddenly remembering that they have just become engaged)* Oh, of course, I will. No, I'll come to the door. *(Sees them to door)* Good-night. Owen Jones !

OWEN JONES

Yessir.

DON JUAN

I'm going out in a few minutes.

OWEN JONES

Very good, sir. Your coat and revolver as usual, sir ?

DON JUAN

Yes, Owen Jones. I may mention I am very pleased with the way you discharge your new duties.

DON JUAN

OWEN JONES

I am very gratified to hear it, sir.

DON JUAN

Also that I've run short of money and shall want you to lend me some for the taxi.

OWEN JONES

Very good, sir. Will half-a-crown do ?

DON JUAN

(With affected meditation) Not quite enough.

OWEN JONES

How much would you like then, sir ?

DON JUAN

Oh, about fifty pounds, Owen Jones.

OWEN JONES

Fifty pounds, sir ! What do you mean ?

DON JUAN

Do you think I can't look up the file of the *Morning Post*, Owen Jones, and read down the columns and between the lines.

OWEN JONES

Sir, but I haf it no longer.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

No longer? Why you never so much as buy a pocket handkerchief. Come, out with it.

OWEN JONES

Oh no, sir . . .

DON JUAN

Out with it, I say.

OWEN JONES

(Feeling in his pockets) Here it is, sir.

DON JUAN

Forty-five only. Where are the other five, Judas?

OWEN JONES

Sir, I haf already . . .

DON JUAN

Produce them at once or leave my service.

OWEN JONES *produces another note.*

That's excellent. . . . Good-night, Owen Jones.

Exit DON JUAN.

OWEN JONES

(Choking) I could . . . I could . . . I could pull his eyes out. *(Tapping the other inside pocket)*

DON JUAN

Ah, but he doesn't know I've got another fifty here. (*Making a grotesque antic*) Ha, ha, Don Juan has been sold ! And the travelling expenses ! Sold, sold, sold. And the girl. (*With sudden and bitter sentimentality*) Oh, the girl !

SCENE II

The Thames Embankment. Men and women asleep on seats.

MARY

(*A beggar girl*) Here we are again, Bill ; same old club.

BILL

(*Her spouse*) Here we are again, Mary, and many of them.

MARY

(*Sniffing*) Smells of paint.

BILL

If it sticks, I sues the council. Can't afford to lose the bim half of my pyjamas every night.

MARY

Now don't you be usin' that fast language with me, and I a poor lone girl without a chaperone.

DON JUAN

(*Shivering*) But it's a cold night. Wish I were in there. (*Points to blazing lights of Hotel Cecil*) It looks fine !

BILL

What the bloody hell *are* you talkin' about, grumbling like a dirty pig. Do you want me to whip you till you're warm same as I did last night and the night before ?

MARY

And soon you'll be in quod if we start house-keepin' on the Embankment.

BILL

Ah, you'd like to get me there, wouldn't ye, ye little harlot ; you'd be a dook's mistress by the time I'd done a week. Wouldn't ye now ?

MARY

Yes, Bill, it's movin' on diplomatic circles I would be.

BILL

(*Swinging his arm round*) I'll make yer move in a diplomatic circle if you don't bend up on that seat.

DON JUAN

MARY

(*Calmly as she sits down*) Don't be vilent, Bill :
vilence don't go well with yaller whiskers.

BILL

(*Stretching himself beside her*) It's better than
a stinkin' doss house. Fresh air cure. (*To man
next him sobbing*) What's matter, mate ? What's
wrong wi' your inside ?

THE MAN

I'm so bloody hungry.

BILL

Well, we aren't fed on pork and potatoes
neither. Sal, open yer bag and give a bit o' crust
to this sof'-hearted bloke.

THE MAN

Praise God for you.

BILL

Ye're a sniveller to call yourself an Englishman
and us on the brink of war, the papers say.

THE MAN

I haven't eaten all day long.

DON JUAN

BILL

Listen to him, Mary ; blubbing like a hinfant, and all the doctors recommendin' us to fast cos it makes you fat. You ain't fasted enough, crocodile. Give the gentleman another slice of the wedding cake, Sal.

THE MAN

(With his mouth full) Your jol' fine fellow.

BILL

So would you be, cocky, if you'd got another fice. I say, Mary !

MARY

Yes, Bill ?

BILL

I'm splittin' tired, Mary, I'm going to turn in. Make the bed.

The GIRL takes him in her arms.

And good-night to you, old tearful, and don't keep chewin' like a cow.

A clock strikes the quarter.

All quiet.

*Enter DON JUAN and LORD FRAMLINGHAM
in discussion.*

DON JUAN

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

That is why the ships must sail, Juan, that is why this commercial and ignoble peace must end. I love England and the Empire. I can endure this cowardly and oppressive armed neutrality no longer, it is unworthy of a country the very sound of whose name makes me as sentimental as a boy at school.

DON JUAN

How can you love both England and this thing you call the Empire, sir? England is just a land of little valleys and unpretentious hills where Englishmen live, an ancient kindly gracious race of men, fond of their families and their football, grimly tenacious of absurd beliefs, a people who fight only when roused, and then to the death. But you Imperialists come and preach to us, the most humane and generous nation of the world, your gospel of brutality and big battalions, of race hatred and world conquest. What have we to do, we English, with your gold diggers, your mammoth financiers, your twang-voiced judaco-German colonial millionaires? Why do you listen to them, best of friends, why are you deceived by these purveyors of

DON JUAN

tinsel glory, you the most deep-hearted Englishman on earth ?

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

But we have conquered the world, boy, and we must stand by the consequences.

DON JUAN

How was it we conquered it ? Because we were a jolly race of pirates three hundred years ago. Because we found a lot of places empty and just sat down in them. But this commercial and martial organisation of yours, what is there jolly about that ? Is this the time either, for your fanciful war of aggression ? Look at these men there, Framlingham, *they* are the foes that England has to face. An avenging socialism, an iron democratic bureaucracy which will leave us little sweetness in the world. Neglect those men and you will have to fight them.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

Fight them ? What fight have those poor creatures got in their shambling bodies ? I pity them. In all societies there must be failures ; and there they are !

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

'They are the men who are beginning not to fail. I fear them, and when I fear a thing I like it faced. Why did you not make soldiers out of them, man, to be sent to the front of battle to die like dogs? That's the only use of war, to kill off your worst men, not to decimate the best.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

You hate our party: you hate the poor and their party; what are you?

DON JUAN

An individualist.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

It was individualism that destroyed Athens and Florence, Juan, and brought them to a shameful end.

DON JUAN

It was individualism that made a year of Athens or Florence worth four centuries of the Roman Empire. It is your little states produce the great men. Whom has grand united Germany to show to rival the Holbein, Dürer, Goethe, Heine, her little kingdoms could produce before her mighty Empire was founded, to torment the world?

DON JUAN

Was Germany not greater when she was a mass of little kingdoms ten miles across and at war once a week ?

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

Because it is war that produces greatness ; not because the kingdoms were small.

DON JUAN

War's good enough when you're fighting for love of a hero, a Cæsar, an Alexander, a Napoleon—that is something to sing of and to fight for.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

And Canada, Australia, India, are they not something to sing of and fight for ?

DON JUAN

Yes, but the sound of this river will always be the greatest song in the world.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

Since down this river the great heroes sailed, to plunder the Americas.

DON JUAN

Since over it old Chaucer ferried to take the Canterbury Road.

DON JUAN

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

Since on its banks are made the laws of Imperial England.

DON JUAN

Since on its banks the poets of Imperial England wander dying of hunger day by day.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

Friend, nothing is noble in this world that a man cannot die for.

DON JUAN

As they die, the poets. . . .

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

As we die, the soldiers. But what individualist would die for his creed ?

DON JUAN

He might kill for it. Do not tempt me too far, O my friend.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

Tempt you ! How ?

DON JUAN

Is it not your war ; could it continue, could it start without you ? And if I prevented you from

DON JUAN

sending that order to the fleet, where is your war,
my lord and friend ?

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

Prevent me, how ?

DON JUAN

With the sharpness of death. With the individualist's weapon.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

(*Gaily*) A most unfriendly act.

DON JUAN

'The unkindest cut of all.'

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

I shall not let you kill me to-night, dear boy.
I am far too busy.

DON JUAN

No, listen to me now, Arthur. Do we not love each other like the heroic friends of old ? Am I not to be your son ? I entreat you, stop this war.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

So sentimental, Juan ? I thought that sentimentality was reserved for brutal Tories.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

Would you have Europe barbarous again ?

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

Is France barbarous ?

DON JUAN

That was a child's war to what this will be.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

Then the more glory for the conquerors.

DON JUAN

Then the more disaster for the defeated.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

Dare you speak of defeat to me ?

DON JUAN

If you are a brave man, Arthur, you must consider all eventualities.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

Fool or wise, I believe we are the better men.

DON JUAN

Yes, yes, so do I. That is why I am terribly afraid for Britain. We have better things to think of in this land of ours than drilling and machine

DON JUAN

guns. We inherit the joy of Athens, we share the culture of France. There are nobler arts than war ; worse fates than annihilation. Suppose our honour to lie prostrate, our confidence to be destroyed ; suppose us, like the French, to be never quite the same again. Listen to me, Arthur : by all our friendship and great days together, I entreat you stop this war.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

Not even for you, boy : not to save my soul would I stop this war.

DON JUAN

I entreat you by these men you say you pity, these ragged children of the sorrowful earth, these suppliant ones who claim your statesmanship here in the cloudless night.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

I hear the voice of the God of battles, they must bide their time.

DON JUAN

I entreat you to stop this war in the name of those who make life musical and lovely, in the name of those who love to think in silence, in the

DON JUAN

name of the great idle men of England who smile the hours away.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

They shall dance to the music of cannon, and sing hymns to the God of Battles ; they shall raise us triumphal arches on the hills.

DON JUAN

But in the name of those who work without ceasing and without discontent in offices or shops, to send the cargo ships of England all over the five seas ; in the name of those who have their little homes at Cricklewood and Camden Town, I entreat you stop this war.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

Entreat the forces of history, Juan ; ask time why the world turns round. Can you arrest events, or tamper with the preordained ?

DON JUAN

It is men, men, men who do things, not forces, O Governor of England.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

I believe in the immutable decree.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

(Taking his pistol from his pocket) Then I shall write out this immutable decree, in steel and lead and blood.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

(Quietly) Do not be extravagant, my friend.

DON JUAN

Extravagant ! When the murder of one can avert the massacre of thousands. But how could I kill a friend like you ? Would I had strength to do it.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

Let me look at that pretty toy of yours, Juan.

DON JUAN

(In a hard voice) It never leaves my hand, Arthur.

He clutches his coat and hides his pistol, but in position, as a policeman comes past on beat.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

(To policeman quietly) Policeman, I am the Prime Minister, this young man has just threatened to shoot me.

DON JUAN

POLICEMAN

(*Passing on*) We know all about that, sir.
Good-night, sir.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

Good-night.

DON JUAN

Well done, honest and faithful servant. Arthur,
why did you call in the law ?

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

(*Brusquely*) An end to this folly now, Juan.

DON JUAN

(*Aiming at him*) Your fate is sealed, friend.
You believed that I could do it. Now I shall.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

Don't, don't. Do you think I mind being shot ?
Least of all by you, my boy ; but don't destroy
my work.

DON JUAN

Think your last thoughts, King of Friends.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

(*Pulling away from him and trying to seize
weapon*) Not I !

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

Go down to the world whence you came, and enquire of the forces of history whether they or I shape the destinies of earth. (*Shoots him.*)

BILL

I dreamt I saw fireworks, Mary, gold and green and blue.

MARY

You go to sleep again, Bill, and don't be creepy.

Silence.

DON JUAN

(*To LORD FRAMLINGHAM*) Ah, but you must forgive me as you die.

LORD FRAMLINGHAM

What is there to forgive ?

Day breaks on England, down the Kentish hills,
Singing in the silence of the meadow-footing
rills,

Day of my dreams, O day.

I saw them march from Dover, long ago,

With a silver cross before them singing low.

Monks of Rome from their home where the blue
seas break in foam.

Augustine with his feet of snow.

DON JUAN

Noon strikes on England, noon on Oxford town
—Beauty she was statue cold—there's blood
upon her gown :

Noon of my dreams, O noon !
Proud and godly kings had built her, long ago,
With her towers and tombs and statues all arow,
With her fair and floral air and the love that
lingers there,
And the streets where the great men go.

Evening on the olden, the golden sea of Wales,
When the first star shivers and the last wave
pales :

O Evening dreams !
'There's a house that Britons walked in long ago,
Where now the springs of Ocean fall and flow,
And the dead, robed in red and sea-lilies over-
head

Sway when the long winds blow.
Sleep not, my country: though night is here, afar
Your children of the morning are clamorous
for war :

Fire in the night, O dreams !

Though she send you as she sent you long ago,
South to desert, East to Ocean, West to snow,

DON JUAN

West of these out to seas colder than the
Hebrides I must go

Where the fleet of stars is anchored and the
young Star-captains glow.

(*Faintly*) The sun : I shall never see the sun :
No, friend ; was this well done ?

*He sways back into the river.
Three o'clock sounds.*

BILL

The night's but half through and it's getting
cold.

MARY

Do go to sleep, Bill. I'll keep you warm.

The POLICEMAN approaches.

POLICEMAN

Has your friend gone, sir ?

DON JUAN

He has gone home.

DON JUAN

SCENE III

The ball-room again, enter DON JUAN as from walking, and turns up the lights. He takes out his revolver and flings it on to a table.

DON JUAN

Damn my ideals. What have I done? I cannot realise it, yet I do not regret it. It is as if I too were the slave of those historic forces: as if I too were but a leaf eddying through time.

(He takes out the used cartridge and replaces it by a new one quietly.)

So then, we must kill the thing we love. Ah, you poets: it is you who have ruined me, you and your dreams of heroic kings with all man's loveliness and none of his longing: you who can glorify abortion with a phrase and net with your rhymes all the vapour of hell.

He locks the revolver in a drawer, then looks at exploded cartridge.

What shall I do with this? (*Puts it in his coat pocket*) It's safe enough there for the present. I shall never be discovered, and I shall marry his daughter. I suppose I shall marry his daughter.

DON JUAN

. . . Well, have I played Brutus or Iscariot ? I must have air : it is stifling.

He unbars the shutters. London appears in the grey haze of dawn.

This was the dawn that should have seen them sailing,
The fatal steamers of the grey North Sea,
With row on row of seamen at the railing
Prepared for death and watching silently :
This was the dawn that should have seen them sailing.

In vain, O day with rose of battle shining,
You drive upon the dome your ancient car :
In vain you hope your golden head reclining
To breathe the fire and hear the shout of war :

In vain, O day, with rose of battle shining.

Calmly, O shepherd, on the hills of morning
Drive out your sheep and sing the hours away,
Till the pure eve in quietude returning
Bids you sing on, to-morrow as to day :
Calmly, O shepherd, on the hills of morning.

The house bell rings.

Is that the chase already ? It is swift enough.

DON JUAN

LADY ISABEL

(*Without*) We must see him at once : this is a serious affair.

DON JUAN *leaves the room through a side door.*

OWEN JONES

I expect he is in bed, my lady. Will you step this way.

LADY ISABEL

(*Entering with LADY ANNA*) Then wake him up. Tell him to come at once—in a dressing-gown—anyhow—run.

OWEN JONES

(*Waddling away*) Certainly, my lady.

LADY ANNA

(*Gasping round the room*) O dear, O dear, I wonder what has happened to father. It's so dreadful his disappearing like this and just when he was most needed too. What are we to do, Isabel ? How I do wonder if Don Juan will be able to tell us anything.

LADY ISABEL

(*Gently*) Anna dear, would you stop roaming about the room ?

DON JUAN

LADY ANNA

(Still roaming and examining everything with curiosity) How queer it looks after last night. To think that anything so sudden should happen. I do pray father hasn't had an accident and been run into by a cab or drowned in the river: it would be too dreadful. I wonder what's in that little drawer.

LADY ISABEL

Anna, do sit down and be quiet.

LADY ANNA

(Continuing with peering eyes to pace the room) I am too excited, Isabel. I wonder when Don Juan will come down. Look what a lovely view. And these lacquer pots. I was admiring them last night.

LADY ISABEL

Anna, please. Never mind the lacquer pots just now. Do sit down.

LADY ANNA

(Sitting by empty grate) Yes, I'll sit down and rake in the ashes, like Cinderella. Perhaps I might find a bar of gold.

A little silence.

DON JUAN

O what a splendid overcoat. I'm sure it's Juan's, I must try it on. (*Does so.*)

LADY ISABEL

Anna, stop.

LADY ANNA

One could dance in it. Do say I look sweet dancing. But it's too heavy. (*Puts her hands in pockets*) One could walk up and down in it like a policeman. (*Walks up and down*) Up and down, up and down.

She pulls out the cartridge and stares at it, unperceived by ISABEL : she puts it in her bosom and stands dead still.

LADY ISABEL

Anna, are you mad ? Take it off.

LADY ANNA

I will. (*Sits silent.*)

Enter DON JUAN in a very beautiful dressing-gown.

DON JUAN

Isabel : what has happened ? You see I have come at once.

LADY ISABEL

Father has disappeared.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

Disappeared ?

LADY ISABEL

Mysteriously and completely. His colleagues are inquiring for him already and he is nowhere to be found. I hope you know where he is. I thought he might be here.

DON JUAN

I left him by the riverside at three o'clock. He started home.

LADY ISABEL

(*Alarmed*) Then what can have happened ?

DON JUAN

Something absurd, of course. Don't look so horrified. He met an old friend, or he took the wrong train, or he sent a message which wasn't delivered. I expect he is at home by now, muttering imprecations on your lovely head. So cheer up and admire my dressing-gown.

LADY ISABEL

It *is* a very fine one, Juan. You look like the Prince of Peacocks. So I am to be consoled ?

DON JUAN

LADY ANNA

But this was the night of war.

LADY ISABEL

Harken to Cassandra. Ah, that's the hard thing, Juan, his great schemes will all be ruined.

LADY ANNA

Will Don Juan be sorry for that ?

DON JUAN

As if my views on politics were serious, Anna.

LADY ISABEL

But someone else may have had serious views on politics, Juan, and tried to stop the war.

DON JUAN

By kidnapping the Prime Minister. How Bulgarian ! Ring up Scotland Yard and send the boot-boy round to Baker Street.

LADY ISABEL

But, Juan, it *is* serious. I did ring up Scotland Yard.

DON JUAN

Well, dear girl, leave it to them. I will ring them up too if you like and tell them all I know.

DON JUAN

Not tearful ? Why, kiss me, girl. If it's serious, I'll help you to the death.

LADY ISABEL

(*Tearfully, as she kisses him*) Am I cold to your kisses, Juan ?

LADY ANNA

Why do you call each other Isabel and Juan and kiss each other so ?

LADY ISABEL

Ah, you never knew we were engaged ?

LADY ANNA

Then you must kiss me too, Juan, if I am to be your sister-in-law.

DON JUAN

I will indeed. (*Kisses her*) Now let me order you some breakfast : I have *café à la Viennoise*.

LADY ISABEL

No, no, boy ! I must go home and see what I can do.

DON JUAN

Well, I won't give you wise advice, Isabel, or exhort you to philosophic calm. Those who are

DON JUAN

in trouble must keep on the trot, as the saying ought to be. So away. Owen Jones !

OWEN JONES

Yessir !

DON JUAN

Show the ladies out. (*He rises*) (*Solus*) There are some things it is perfectly horrible to have to do. Owen Jones !

OWEN JONES

Yessir !

DON JUAN

Can you talk Italian ?

OWEN JONES

I have never tried, sir.

DON JUAN

I wonder if Galatea still tends her Sicilian flocks beside that jewelled sea. Let us go away, Owen Jones,—anywhere, anywhere out of this hideous town out upon the long brown roads.

OWEN JONES

I am more comfortable where I am, sir.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

Do your fingers never itch for the violin, Owen Jones ?

OWEN JONES

I often play it in my room, sir, when I have a few hours off.

DON JUAN

Do you not long, Owen Jones, to see once more the fisher girl, Tisbea ?

OWEN JONES

Had you not better forget her, sir ?

DON JUAN

Forget her ! The memory of her streams in with the morning.

OWEN JONES

And you remember her farewell to you ?

DON JUAN

(Rising angry) Owen Jones !

OWEN JONES

(Spitefully) Start off your motor, set your money jingling,

Ride with the rich, and prostitute the poor ;

DON JUAN

Live what you call your life, die of the rot :
I'll never look you in the face again.

DON JUAN

There are some things, Owen Jones, of which
I would rather not be reminded.

OWEN JONES

And some, Don Juan, which even I would
rather forget. You did not think of that when
you reminded me of your nights with the girl I
love.

DON JUAN

Can *you* love ?

OWEN JONES

What do you take me for, Don Juan, when such
a lass as she walks delicately in the world ?

DON JUAN

Then I am sorry if I hurt your feelings, Owen
Jones : I never thought of such a thing.

OWEN JONES

I accept your apology, sir, for what it is worth.
I believe, sir, I have to congratulate you on your
engagement.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

Thank you, Owen Jones.

OWEN JONES

Ah, sir, it is a grand and wondrous thing when the cities of men fade into their smoke, and the world sinks beneath your feet and the sun shines huge, all for the laughter on a woman's lips and the light in her eyes. And that for sure, sir, is what you are feeling, pledged to a beautiful girl ?

DON JUAN

(*Musing*) Is it ?

OWEN JONES

Can you love, Don Juan ? Is it works of love you have been doing this night or works of darkness, that you shine like the devil in his robe of state ?

DON JUAN

It is marvellous how you hate me, Owen Jones. Can you not forgive me for that fifty pounds ?

OWEN JONES

You and your fifty pounds and a hate like mine, deep I tell you, deep as the sea where Harry lies and many a good sailor friend I fiddled to of old !

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

‘ With sea girls a-dangle on their arms.’

OWEN JONES

No, but cold and still among the jellyfish, looking up through the water to the whiteness of the sky. But revenge is afoot, Don Juan, for that night and for this.

DON JUAN

Revenge ? And what revenge, my handsome prophet ?

OWEN JONES

Wait. You shall hear it, and see it come.

DON JUAN

I shall die like another : is that your revenge ?

OWEN JONES

You shall die unlike another, Don Juan ; wait till the stars grow big.

DON JUAN

What do you mean by that, Owen Jones ?

OWEN JONES

Wait till the stars grow big ! Whence came you, Don Juan, to drive against the world ?

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

I was born of my father and my mother.

OWEN JONES

Your father I know : he is a good man and generous ; but who was your mother, O my master ?

DON JUAN

Dead many years : I know not.

OWEN JONES

Who was your mother, O my master ? She was some mighty Jewess, I dare say, robed in a leopard's skin, who knew the deep secrets of Persia and wrote them in a book.

DON JUAN

Perhaps, but why do you honour me with this fantastic soothsaying ?

OWEN JONES

Because I want to find out who you are.

DON JUAN

Here I stand.

OWEN JONES

And who are you ?

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

A spirit, troubled about departure.

OWEN JONES

Travel back and tell me who you are.

DON JUAN

A spirit, and happy, dwelling in a land where
beauty and reason are no longer at strife.

OWEN JONES

Further back : who are you ?

DON JUAN

A sick child that died young.

OWEN JONES

And years ago ?

DON JUAN

A conqueror of the East.

OWEN JONES

Deeper still, and speak.

DON JUAN

I am Don Juan, curst from age to age
By priestly tract and sentimental stage.

DON JUAN

Branded a villain or believed a fool,
Battered by hatred, seared by ridicule.
A lord on earth, all but a king in hell :
I am Don Juan with a tale to tell.

Hot leapt the dawn from deep Plutonian fires
And ran like blood among the twinkling spires.
The market quickened : carts came rattling
down,
Good human music roared about the town.
And 'come,' they cried, 'and buy the best of
Spain's
Great fire-skinned fruits with cold and streaming
veins.'

Others : ' The man who'd make a lordly dish,
Would buy my speckled or my silver fish.'
And some : ' I stitch you raiment to the rule,'
And some : ' I sell you attar of Stamboul,'
' And I have lapis for your love to wear,
Pearls for her neck, and amber for her hair.'
Death has its gleam. They swing before me
still,

The shapes and sounds and colours of Seville !

For there I learnt to love the plot, the fight,
The masker's cloak, the ladder set for flight,

DON JUAN

The stern pursuit, the rapier's glint of death,
The scent of starlit roses, beauty's breath,
The music and the passion and the prize,
Aragon lips and Andalusian eyes.

This day a democrat I scoured the town ;
Courting the next, I brought a princess down ;
Now in some lady's panelled chamber hid
Achieved what love approves and laws forbid ;
Now walked and whistled round the sleepy farms
And clasped a Dulcinea in my arms.

I was the true, the grand idealist,
My light could pierce the pretty golden mist
That hides from common souls the starrier
climes :—

I loved as small men do ten-thousand times :—
Rose to the blue triumphant, curved my bow,
Set high the mark and brought an angel low,
And laced with that brave body and shining soul
Learnt how to live, then learnt to love the whole.
And I first broke that jungle dark and dense
Which hides the silver house of Commonsense,
And dissipated that disastrous lie
Which makes a God of stuffless Unity,
And drave the dark behind me, and revealed
A pagan sunrise on a Christian field.

DON JUAN

My legend tells that once by passion moved
I slew the father of a girl I loved :
Then summoned—like an old and hardened
sinner—

The brand new statue of the dead to dinner.
My ribald guests with Spanish wine aflame
Were most delighted when the statue came,
Bowed to the party, made a little speech
And bore me off beyond their human reach.
Well, priests must flourish and the truth must
pale :

A very pious entertaining tale.

But this believe. I struck a ringing blow
At sour authority's ancestral show,
And stirred the sawdust understuffing all
The sceptred or the surpliced ritual.
I willed my happiness, kept bright and brave
My thoughts and deeds this side the accursed
grave.

Life was a ten course banquet after all,
And neatly finished by my funeral.
'Pale guest, why strip the roses from your
brow ?

'We hope to feast till morning.' Who knocks
now ?

DON JUAN

'Twelve of the clock, Don Juan.' In came he
That shining tall and cold authority
Whose marble lips smile down on lips that
 pray,
And took my hand, and I was led away.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT III

SCENE I

Trafalgar Square. Before a new statue of Lord Framlingham. CHARLEY and DON JUAN in conversation.

CHARLEY

Well, there he is, the poor old Fram.

DON JUAN

Yes, Charley, there he is. He was a great man, a little erratic, a little stupid, a little boyish, but a great man. Ah, but Charley, isn't it awful?

CHARLEY

What? His disappearance?

DON JUAN

No, his statue.

CHARLEY

Very decent statue, Juan. It's by that R.A. fellow, Sir Humbury Hamilton, you know.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

Indeed. I should think it was his masterpiece.

CHARLEY

I believe you're laughing at me, Juan. What's the matter with the image? It's exactly like the Fram, anyhow.

DON JUAN

As you say, Charley, it's exactly like the Fram. Eyes in same place, nose with same tilt, and that mouth—why it's the very same he ate oysters with. He was very fond of oysters, was the Fram.

CHARLEY

My God, he was.

DON JUAN

What I like about that statue is its realism, Charley. Observe the waistcoat, the pattern on it, the buttons of it, numbered one to five; and his stone watch-chain, Charley, it's a miracle: it's exactly the same as his watch-chain of gold which I wear here: my girl gave it me as a souvenir of the grand old fellow and I wear it always although it makes the buttonhole sag a little. (*Comparing*) Exactly the same pattern:

DON JUAN

ah, what work Sir Humbury must have put into it. Think of that great sculptor, nobly attentive to minutiae, infinitely capable of taking pains, sitting on a hard bench hour by hour to drill those little holes.

CHARLEY

But, damn it, old chap, it's really rather well done.

DON JUAN

Supremely well done, Charley. We proceed, or rather, we descend. More buttons—but these trouser-buttons, in art as in life discreetly hidden yet vigorously suggested. That, you know, Charley, is what is called Symbolism in art.

CHARLEY

(*Agape*) Symbolism?

DON JUAN

Yes, Charley, they are intimated but not portrayed: it is a type and symbol of English art, society and government.

CHARLEY

You are an odd fish, Juan. Wonder where you get your ideas from. Some people seem to have

DON JUAN

ideas, you know, and other people haven't. It reminds me of a story I heard about a chap who was travelling from London to Dover in a lavatory carriage. . . .

DON JUAN

Let the poor devil wait, old man. We must finish off the Fram down to his boots. Or we might miss the charming idealism of the trousers.

CHARLEY

Idealism ! Of the trousers ?

DON JUAN

Yes, Charley, look at the crease. The old Fram dressed pretty decently, I admit, but a crease like that ; Why it was the lofty thought of a master with a soul.

CHARLEY

Oh, you're always laughing at everything, Juan. Reminds me of a man I knew once who died of lockjaw. What's the matter with the staggering idol anyhow ? It's quite shipshape and in keeping.

DON JUAN

In keeping, Charley, how right you are.

DON JUAN

(*Pointing round square*) In keeping with that grand and lofty dome, with those stern waxwork lions, with that flutey column and the little telephotochap on top.

CHARLEY

(*Irritably*) O stow it, Juan. Jolly old Trafalgar Square's all right. You must be one of those damned Post Impressionists. I suppose you'd prefer the Fram in a bathing suit carrying his head under his arm. Of course I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like, besides all the papers said it was a good thing, and they ought to know, and you yourself say it's just like him.

DON JUAN

Like him? Like the old Fram? It's an insult. Where's his soul? Where's the pride and power of the man who planned the war?

CHARLEY

Ah, well, I'm not sorry that didn't come off. Now I come to think of it, you said you were against it too. (*Looking once more at the statue*) But blast it, Juan, that statue does look very much like the old Fram after all.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

(Struck by Charley's earnestness, looking again at statue in surprise) I swear, Charley, you are right after all. You always are, you know. It's not him really. But it looks as if it could suddenly start up and be the old Fram again. I swear if I asked it to look in this evening it would nod its head.

CHARLEY

Ask it and see.

DON JUAN

I'm dining at your house to-night, Lord Framlingham. I hope to see you there at your own table as of old with your two daughters and your son-in-law to be. Eight o'clock sharp and don't dress. Will the forces of history let you come, Lord Framlingham?

THE STATUE *nods its head.*

CHARLEY

(In horror) My God, Juan, I swear that statue nodded its head.

DON JUAN

(With self-possession regained) Charley, you'll

DON JUAN

see a snake coming out of its nose if you aren't careful. I always told you to turn the tap off.

CHARLEY

(*Leaning on his stick*) Sorry, old chap, I'm rather upset. I think I'll leave you and trot off by myself and have a drink.

DON JUAN

All right, Charley.

CHARLEY goes. DON JUAN examines the statue in silence and taps it with his stick.

It's strange. I swear I saw that statue nod myself.

SCENE II

Hall of DON JUAN's house. He is being helped into his coat by OWEN JONES. He is in evening dress. It is early evening, summer.

DON JUAN

I tell you, Owen Jones. . . .

OWEN JONES

You tell me many things, sir, that come strangely from a nobleman to his servant.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

I tell you, Owen Jones, that I am a fool. We ought to take to the road again. I'm sick of London. I want the wind and the rain and the mists of morning.

OWEN JONES

Plenty of all that here in town, sir, if I may take the liberty.

DON JUAN

But the mists are so dirty and the rain so black and the wind so tired. And the hansoms and the 'buses and the motors and the trams make such an endless noise. I'm getting as peevish as a mule and I dream all night of the mountains, and a maid.

OWEN JONES

I prefer to be a gentleman's servant, sir.

DON JUAN

You're a strange dog. Well, I must be off.
Open.

OWEN JONES *opens the door, the candle lights of the hall are blown sideways by the wind.*

DON JUAN

VOICE OF TISBEA

(Singing outside)

. . . with silk upon my breast
And a petticoat of gold about my knee.

DON JUAN

What have you brought her here for, Owen Jones?

OWEN JONES

Nefer did I. . . .

DON JUAN

Do these things happen by chance, my fine liar?
Go out and bring her in.

OWEN JONES

I beg your pardon, sir.

DON JUAN

You heard what I said. Go out and bring her in.

OWEN JONES

To you, sir?

DON JUAN

Yes, to me.

DON JUAN

OWEN JONES

I will never bring her in to you, Don Juan.

DON JUAN

I require your obedience.

OWEN JONES

I'll be damned if I'll give it.

DON JUAN

(Shaking his stick at him) Go and bring her in, Owen Jones, or I shall beat you till your eyes drop out of your head.

OWEN JONES

I beg your pardon, sir ; I will go at once.

Exit.

DON JUAN

The long white road again . . . the tall white girl again, the fiddle, the dance, the mountains and the moon ! Can I tell lies to his daughter all my life ? Away then, for truth and joy live on the hills together !

Enter OWEN JONES with TISBEA, dirty, ragged, unkempt, and worn. She hangs her head.

DON JUAN

OWEN JONES

Here she is, sir.

DON JUAN

Excellent. Now leave us.

OWEN JONES

I beg your pardon, sir ?

DON JUAN

Leave us, will you ?

OWEN JONES

I will not leave you two together.

DON JUAN

(Advancing with his stick) I do not like to repeat my commands. Are you going ?

OWEN JONES

No, sir.

DON JUAN

(Hits him violently) Will you go now ?

Exit OWEN JONES howling and trembling.

Tisbea.

TISBEA

Yes, sir. *(She speaks lifelessly throughout.)*

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

You know me ?

TISBEA

You are Don Juan, my lord.

DON JUAN

Could you forgive me for leaving you ?

TISBEA

O sir, how was I to expect a fine gentleman like you would take up with the likes of me for long.

DON JUAN

Are you the girl who left me with that bitter curse ?

TISBEA

O sir, I am so sorry it should have ever happened. I must have been mad, sir, indeed I must.

DON JUAN

Why, Tisbea, what is the matter ? Have you forgotten our days of sea and sunshine ?

TISBEA

You were very kind to me, sir ; I remember I enjoyed it very much.

Re-enter OWEN JONES, unperceived, behind.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

You remember how you saved me from death on the shore of Wales ?

TISBEA

I am very glad, my lord, if I did you any service.

DON JUAN

Girl, girl, what has happened to you ? Why do you talk like a housemaid ? Why do you not throttle me and spit in my face or else forgive me like the great woman you are, and love me all over again ?

TISBEA

(Tearfully) Oh, sir, I don't understand you ; don't talk unkindly to me.

DON JUAN

(Curiously) May I kiss you, Tisbea ?

TISBEA

Yes, sir. *(She comes up to him meekly hanging her head.)*

DON JUAN

Back ! Away from me ! I will not touch you.

DON JUAN

What has gone wrong? What is the matter with you, who were once the greatest of all women?

OWEN JONES

Hunger and thirst, weariness and a broken heart are the matter with her, Don Juan. There is light in her eyes no more.

DON JUAN

She is not mad?

OWEN JONES

No, she has become sane: she dreams of love no longer: she does not think that she is a princess in an old story and you a fairy prince. She knows that she is a fish-girl and that you are a gentleman. You have not hurt her mind: you have destroyed her soul.

DON JUAN

Is this true, Tisbea? Have I destroyed your soul?

TISBEA

(*Bursting into tears*) O sir, do not be angry with me: I don't know what you mean.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

(Folding her to him) Don't cry, darling. I was a brute to you: I will make it all up again. Rest your head where your head has so often rested and cry no more. Your soul shall come back to you: your dreams shall return: we will praise the God of the highroads yet once more and I will take you with me over the sea and you shall see the red-roofed cities of the South and know what sun is and life and blue water and a walled town on a hill. Will you come walking with me again, Tisbea?

TISBEA

O that would be nice.

DON JUAN

Nice? *(Releasing her in horror)* Will you talk backwards, will you dance on your head, will you turn Mormon, will you hatch chickens?

TISBEA

O sir, now you're angry with me again. What have I done?

DON JUAN

Seriously, will you marry Owen Jones?

DON JUAN

TISBEA

(*Tearfully*) Yes, sir.

DON JUAN

Will you marry Tisbea, Owen Jones ?

OWEN JONES

(*Advancing and taking TISBEA's arm*) We do not ask your leave, Sir. We are going up country, we two, and shall never see you more. And year by year we shall live on peacefully on the gold I have amassed and hoarded in your service, and she shall bear me children and find her soul again in a lonely white cottage on the hills of Wales. And from sunrise to sunset and all the long nights she shall know what a good man is and a true man, and play no more with a fiend from hell.

DON JUAN

A very satisfactory arrangement, Owen Jones. I shall be sorry to lose you though. I hope you will accept this slight testimonial for the services you have rendered. The sum is just fifty pounds. Now don't refuse.

OWEN JONES

(*Taking it*) Why should I refuse ? Is it fifty

DON JUAN

pounds only you owe to this girl whose soul you have destroyed? Does she not deserve of you that she should have food and some clothes and a roof and firing? And good-night to you, sir. And remember that as her prophecy has been fulfilled so may mine.

DON JUAN

Which prophecy of hers?

OWEN JONES

She has seen you again, Don Juan, but has she looked you in the face?

DON JUAN

And what is your prophecy?

OWEN JONES

That I dare not tell you. Wait until the stars grow big.

Exeunt OWEN JONES and TISBEA.

DON JUAN

SCENE III

A great old corridor library panelled, a door at each end, a long window on one side. DON JUAN in evening dress: ANNA in deep mourning uglier than ever.

DON JUAN

So then this is the room.

ANNA

Yes, Isabel thought you might like to see it with me, as she won't be ready for twenty minutes or so.

DON JUAN

So like a woman.

ANNA

(*Dully*) Yes, I suppose we women are rather inclined to be unpunctual occasionally.

DON JUAN

How concisely you put it, Anna. So this was his library where he worked and thought and read. A fine room. Isabel tells me that you also are fond of books, Lady Anna.

ANNA

(*Absently*) O yes, I like to read.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

And what do you read ?

ANNA

Oh, all sorts of things, stories and things.

DON JUAN

No, but what sort of stories ?

ANNA

(Quickly) Don't ask me that. Don't ask me that.

DON JUAN

Why I'm sorry, Anna, if you're angry. But I can't understand why you shouldn't tell me.

ANNA

(Softly) Because I read love stories.

DON JUAN

But, my dear Anna, what is there to be ashamed of in that ?

ANNA

I have myself to be ashamed of.

DON JUAN

But why, my dear Anna ?

DON JUAN

ANNA

(Breaking out into a passion)

'Why?' Say you? Am I not the ugliest girl
That ever screamed and broke her looking-
glass?

DON JUAN

(Surprised) Anna, you're passionate!

ANNA

Did you think then
Because I read the old books of the world
And seemed quite dull, I was not passionate?

DON JUAN

You're a strange woman.

ANNA

Ah, I have a mind,
I've quite a subtle deep intelligence.
God gave it to me and rank and riches too
To hurt me. He ordained that I should walk
Beside that queen my sister, and still catch
The whispers courting her and pitying me.

DON JUAN

(Putting an arm round her waist) Anna, don't
be so bitter.

DON JUAN

ANNA

Ah, had I been a twisted beggar girl,
I could have sold my matches, chaffed the men,
Kept out the cold with dreams of Christ in glory
And never known that I was young. It's that
Hurts.

DON JUAN

Anna, had I but known
You were so great and strange !

ANNA

Did you but know
The one brave moment of my life !

DON JUAN

What was it ?

ANNA

The moment when you stooped to kiss my lips.

DON JUAN

Anna ! (*Offers to kiss her.*)

ANNA

No, not again. Forgive me, sir,
I have loved beauty with a plain girl's passion.
Once statues filled my eyes with it, and poems
Bent with their wings of wonder round my head

DON JUAN

I made my soul a garden and walked therein
Like a tall Isolde ; watching for the ship.
Then, all my thoughts were flowers : but *you*
came,
You kissed me, and they withered. No more
dreams.

I know your eyes are worth all poetry,
Your speech the whole of music faint and far,
For not the joy of Earth's remote clear
mountains,
Arcadian meadow, river-threaded plain,
Not morning and the flames of all her fountains,
Not evening when she breaks in silver rain,
O not the murmur of those austral isles
Poised like red lilies on a sea that smiles,
Not all the choirs of all the sons of heaven
Shouting for joy because the stars are fire . . .

DON JUAN

(*Kissing her*)

Can give you that which now my lips have
given.

You shall drink deep of all your heart's desire.

ANNA

(*Recoiling*) Why, Juan, why ?

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

Cannot I love your soul
Where these high thoughts are singing : kiss
those lips
Whose words are melody and light, place here
A lover's hand where such a heart beats high ?

ANNA

No man has ever dared to love a soul.

DON JUAN

I dare.

ANNA

To love's extreme far limit ?

DON JUAN

Yes.

ANNA

Only a God dare do it.

DON JUAN

(Quietly and dreamily)

What is God ?

Great, but as great as I who picture him,
Throned with the eagles, white and tall and
wise ?

Is he sublime who shapes a universe,

DON JUAN

Cowls it with vapour, circles it with storm
And sets the planetary course, or he
Who shuts his eyes and thinks the picture out ?
I can imagine worlds to roll beneath me,
Deep in a golden mist each splendid star ;
I too can bow the hyacinthine head,
And hear and smile to hear the drone of men.
I too accept for music the remote
Dim thunder of their endless war with pain.

ANNA

King of the world, will you not kiss me now ?

DON JUAN

(With a sudden chill)

You ask me for a kiss ? I gave you one.

ISABEL *enters, superb, in black, unperceived.*

ANNA

One ? Were it godlike, O distraught young
Eros,

To portion drops to those who die of thirst,
Saying no doubt : This drop of wine, observe it,
Mark its artistic finish and perfection,
How round and red and sparkling.

ANNA *clings to* DON JUAN.

DON JUAN

O my King
Give me a hundred kisses and ten thousand,
A hundred more, confuse the count of kisses,
You have unbarred the floodgate of the fire.

ISABEL *turns on the light as it has grown dark.*

DON JUAN

(Seeing ISABEL, to ANNA, cautioning her)

Anna !

ISABEL

Anna !

ANNA

Isabel ! *Why did you come ?*

ISABEL

It seems I interrupt exciting talk.
Go on. I like to hear you.

ANNA

(Flinging herself at her sister's feet) Isabel. It
was my fault.

ISABEL

Stand up, my noble Anna,
I never heard you half so eloquent,
Such protestations ! *(To JUAN)* Can't you
make some too ?
Surely they are expected in these cases.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

I stoop to protestation ?

ISABEL

How he stands,
An Eros for his Anna, fine white marble,
I'll put the question then. Did you kiss Anna ?

DON JUAN

I did.

ISABEL

And was the kiss an oath for soldiers,
A pledge for lovers, or a sign for traitors ?
Or sisterly affection quite in law ?
Or were you always fond of dropping roses
In every pool and puddle on your way ?

DON JUAN

I have unlocked your sister's long shut lips
And let her sweetness out. Was that not worth
One meagre kiss, my Lady Isabel ?

ISABEL

Come to the point. Do you love her or me ?

DON JUAN

Love her ? I see you,
Austere and holy as the winter moon,

DON JUAN

I feel strange joy in looking on your face,
Isabel, my betrothed.

ISABEL

Oh leave me, leave me :
What's admiration to a girl in love ?

DON JUAN

What is this dream of women ? What this love ?

ISABEL

What's life or pain or beauty ? I loved you—
Oh leave me ! you are hard. You cannot love.

DON JUAN

Teach me the lesson : I'll be your sweet pupil,
And as the years go round us, as our lives
Get intertwined with memories, why then
When we're old friends and look the rose-walk
down

We'll find we had been lovers, Isabel,
Nor talked of love, but had let it laugh in the
breeze

Or murmur in the forest, or bright of wing
Strike from the blue above us.

(*Offering his hand to* ISABEL) I'll be loyal.

ISABEL

O Juan, I don't know . . .

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

Believe in me.

(They clasp hands smiling.)

ANNA

Smile then, children, hand in hand,
Bright and white as the summer snow,
Or that young king of the Grecian land,
Who smiled on Thetis, long ago,
So long ago, when, heart aflame,
The grave and gentle Peleus came
To the shore where the Halcyon flies,
To wed the maiden of his devotion,
The dancing lady with sky blue eyes,
Thetis, the darling of Paradise,
The daughter of old Ocean.
Seas before her rise and break,
Dolphins tumble in her wake
Along the sapphire courses.
With tritons ablow on their pearly shells,
With a plash of waves and a clash of bells,
From the glimmering house where her father
dwells
She drives his white-tail horses !
And the boys of heaven gowned and crowned
Have Aphrodite to lead them round,

DON JUAN

Aphrodite with hair unbound
Her silver breasts adorning,
Her long, her soft, her streaming hair,
Falls on her silver breasts laid bare,
By the stir and swing of the sealit air
And the movement of the morning.

(Starting back from them)

But this was long ago : and now
It's night : and there has come
One with a bent and bitter brow,
A ruin for the home,
One whom no beauty graced, who had not known
A lover, save of stone,
One who in viper lairs for long years hidden
To your feast came unbidden,
One at whose breast lay doom,
A prophetess to find her father's tomb.

(To DON JUAN)

Was he not dear, young lover,
Was he not wise and old ?
To you did he not discover
His heart, and a heart all gold,

(Pointing to window)

At night beside that river
Where silently it rolled ?

DON JUAN

(*With hatred*)

Give me the murderer visible
On whose dark face the stamp of hell
Is branded clear and cold ;
But evil that with beauty blends
For a daughter's fall and the death of friends
This is a plague untold.

DON JUAN

What do you mean, mad lady ?

ANNA

Whom do my eyes behold ?

ISABEL

One who shall wed your sister . . .

ANNA

While *he* lies deep and cold ?

DON JUAN

O lady do not listen : her poor soul
Through my great fault is deep in darkness now.

ISABEL

Of what foul crime did she accuse you then ?

DON JUAN

I could not understand ; she talked so wild.

DON JUAN

ANNA

Ask me : then, Isabel, if I be mad
Let me be shut where all the madmen sigh.

ISABEL

Then tell me.

DON JUAN

Do not ask her, Isabel,
She will say monstrous things : wait till her fit
Has left her : don't you see she's trembling still.

ISABEL

I thought you braver.

DON JUAN

Tell me, Anna, then.

ANNA

Come here aside.

He goes apart with her.

I wear it on my breast ;
Do you acknowledge what it means ?

DON JUAN

Perhaps.

ANNA

Love me, and I'll not show it Isabel.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

I will not give up Isabel for you.

ISABEL

(*Impatient*) What are you whispering about, Juan? What has she got?

DON JUAN

Nothing whatever but a dirty old cartridge case on the end of a string.

ISABEL

(*Coming over*) What do you keep that for, Anna?

ANNA

In memory of our father, Isabel.

ISABEL

(*Angrily*) Do you mean anything at all or are you hopelessly daft?

ANNA

O God, I would that I were.

ISABEL

Where did you find it?

ANNA

Don't ask me. I'll tell you nothing.

DON JUAN

ISABEL

Where did you find it ? Tell me and tell no lies.

ANNA

In Juan's overcoat that morning.

ISABEL

That's curious. How did it come there, Juan ?

DON JUAN

How am I to know ? I always pick up empty cartridges I find about.

ANNA

In the streets of London, or in the houses of your friends ?

ISABEL

I am quite dizzy : what does this all mean ?

ANNA

Give me your pistol, Juan.

DON JUAN

No, Anna, I shall not give it you.

ANNA

Isabel, I only want to see if this slips in and fits.

ISABEL

Give it her.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

Take it, Anna (*hands ANNA the pistol*). Let me open it for you and take one out. I'll take out the second, we may need the first.

ANNA

(*Adjusting the cartridge in the slip*) Look, Isabel, it fits.

DON JUAN

Now I hope you are happy, Anna.

ISABEL

Juan, I am afraid. Is Anna really mad? You were the last person who saw him after all.

DON JUAN

Dear girl, don't be foolish.

ISABEL

You are lying to me, I feel it: can you swear you are not lying?

ANNA

Is it not hopeless, Juan?

DON JUAN

Have your way, Anna. Yes, you strange woman, I could not make your father stop the

DON JUAN

war : so I shot him beside the river, a month ago at about three o'clock in the morning.

ISABEL

You shot our father ?

DON JUAN

In the heart.

ISABEL waits a second or two, then sways to the wall and stands staring.

DON JUAN

Now, Anna, your poking and plotting has succeeded. You have ruined me. Have you anything further to live for ?

ANNA

I never had anything to live for till you came. I have nothing now.

DON JUAN

Then take this. The first cartridge is not empty.

ANNA

(Refusing pistol) I have nothing to die for either.

DON JUAN

Except for the nobility of death.

DON JUAN

ANNA

Give it me. (*Taking pistol and pressing it to her forehead*) I can't. It's so cold. Do it for me, Juan.

DON JUAN

Stand there then by the wall. (*She stands facing ISABEL*) Now shut your eyes : I never miss.

ANNA

No, I will open them and carry the glory of your face down to the grave.

DON JUAN *shoots her in the breast : She falls. He then approaches ISABEL, carrying the pistol in his hands.*

ISABEL

Quickly : I am waiting my turn.

DON JUAN

Why should you die ?

ISABEL

Stand off, you cad. Don't look at me. Aim from over there.

DON JUAN

I am not going to shoot you, Isabel.

ISABEL

(*Dully*) Why not ?

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

How can I shoot you without looking at you ?

ISABEL

I'll shut my eyes then ; don't bully me, you brute.

DON JUAN

(*Appealing*) Isabel !

ISABEL

Don't whine, you coward.

DON JUAN

Look at me once more.

ISABEL

I would like to tear you to pieces.

DON JUAN

Look at me, Isabel.

ISABEL

I dare not.

DON JUAN

Lift up your eyes, Isabel. Are we not lovers still ? Are not the stars shining : is not the night wind soft ? Why should we die ?

ISABEL

You heartless devil.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

I killed your father, who would have sent thousands to death and mutilation. I loved him and I love him still. Anna, I have killed to save from the miserable years.

ISABEL

You have murdered my father and my sister : two beastly, unreasonable murders.

DON JUAN

(Flinging down pistol) It remains for me to love you.

ISABEL

Love, you ghastly butcher, with blood upon your hands ?

DON JUAN

(Advancing to her) Lift up your eyes, Isabel : see if I look like a ghastly butcher. Lift up your eyes, Isabel. I will love you if you do that. If you are great enough to love me now I'll love you and for ever.

ISABEL

Go away, go away.

DON JUAN

I will not touch you. You must come to me.

DON JUAN

Come and live. Anna has killed herself—we can prove that : her secret is dead with her : it lives only in you and me, and binds us indissolubly for ever. It remains for us to live and love through the long ecstatic years as no two lovers ever did since the world began. Kiss me now, Isabel.

She lays her arms on his shoulder.

Kiss me now, with Anna's dead body lying there and bleeding, and your father cold and white beneath the river. Come to my arms, Isabel : you have taught me the lesson I never dreamt to learn : I love you.

ISABEL

No, I dare not.

DON JUAN

Give me peace. Here in this world two have died by my act a little before their time. What does it matter to the stars ? And if they, the stars, came streaming down to earth in a rain of fire, what can it matter to the Infinite and Eternal or to those who sleep ?

ISABEL

(Embracing him passionately) O Juan, Juan, I love you beyond hell and heaven.

She kisses Him ; the stars grow bigger.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

What care we for the stars. Were a whole constellation mine, I would thread it on a spangled necklace and clasp it round your throat, sweet Isabel. What care they for us? Let us turn and see them shining. Unalterable and so far away.

ISABEL

(*Turning*) O Juan, look at those terrible stars !

DON JUAN

(*Turning*) They have grown bigger.

ISABEL

What does it mean, Juan. Are they falling ?

DON JUAN

Have we risen? What matter? Can they unseal that kiss? Let them grow. They shall not rob us of the years. The calm procession of our lives shall not be stopped for them.

ISABEL

Juan, the wind is making a sort of music.

DON JUAN

What though it be the music of the spheres ! It cannot drown your voice.

DON JUAN

ISABEL

No, but Juan, I hear footsteps behind that door.

DON JUAN

What is there behind that door ?

ISABEL

It leads on to the Tower.

DON JUAN

Then there is no one there.

ISABEL

Oh, but there is someone coming.

DON JUAN

Let us put that away (*Pointing to ANNA. They lift her up. A terrific knock.*)

ISABEL

Quickly, quickly. (*They carry ANNA's corpse to a curtained recess. Another knock.*)

DON JUAN

Dry the blood. (*ISABEL attempts to do so.*)
A third terrific knock.

ISABEL

Juan, don't let anyone come in.

The STATUE of Lord Framlingham enters.

DON JUAN

STATUE

But I was invited.

ISABEL

Father.

DON JUAN

Well, it's his house.

ISABEL

He's shining white.

DON JUAN

Someone is playing us a trick.

STATUE

The last trick and the best.

DON JUAN

(*Clasping* ISABEL) Leave us, you masquerader.
Do you think you can frighten lovers?

STATUE

I came to punish, not to frighten.

DON JUAN

Go, or I'll fire on you.

STATUE

Fire !

DON JUAN *pulls the trigger and misses fire.*

DON JUAN

STATUE

You cannot kill me twice with the same cartridge.

DON JUAN

Then I'll try another.

Re-arranges his pistol, aims over his arm and fires. When the smoke clears the STATUE is untouched and ISABEL is lying at her sister's feet.

STATUE

You have killed Isabel : she is lying at her sister's feet.

DON JUAN

This is beyond reason.

STATUE

Does logic fail you now ?

DON JUAN

I trusted in reason.

STATUE

You trusted in human reason.

DON JUAN

It was all I had.

STATUE

It was so very little.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

What is man to do when he is confronted by a miracle ?

STATUE

It is not for him to decide what he is to do. He must obey.

DON JUAN

Obey what ?

STATUE

He must obey the forces of history ; that is all that he can do.

DON JUAN

No, it is not all.

STATUE

What else ?

DON JUAN

He can obey them bravely.

STATUE

Then come to punishment.

DON JUAN

What is prepared for me ?

STATUE

Pain.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN

Do I deserve this who killed two, or you who tried to kill ten thousand ?

STATUE

The Principle is different. You have let loose murder on the world, which is war without honour.

DON JUAN

Is it for this then that I am punished ?

STATUE

Rather because you followed Reason and cared for no one but yourself.

DON JUAN

If man's reason is a worthless guide, how can man deserve punishment ?

STATUE

That is a human argument, not a divine one.

DON JUAN

Well, what am I to do ?

STATUE

You are to pass out through this door and leave me with the dead.

DON JUAN

Shall I not see the sun again ?

DON JUAN

STATUE

Have you not got the stars ?

DON JUAN

Never walk the long white road ?

STATUE

You must pass on the red road now.

DON JUAN

Let me look on my girl's eyes before I go.

STATUE

They are closed.

DON JUAN

Let me kiss her lips.

STATUE

They are withered.

DON JUAN

Then open the door and I will come.

The door opens : a rain of fire is revealed.

*DON JUAN very slowly walks right across
the room and passes out. The door shuts
with a clap of thunder.*

CURTAIN

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO. LTD.
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, GLASGOW.





